THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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MARTYRS HONORED.

A Large and Patriotic Gathering of Irishmen at Central Music Hall.

Speeches by Chairman Keane, Matthew P. Brady and Others—Songs. Recitations, Etc.

Upwards of two thousand true Irish patriots did honor to the memory of the Manchester martyrs at Central Music Hall last Saturday night. It was the 23rd anniversary of the execution of the heroic three. The Irish Nationalists of Chicago had charge of the exercises. It is doubtful if a more demonstrative audience ever assembled in the hall. The very mention of Ireland or any of the numerous synonyms of the name was a signal for enthusiastic applause. M. J. Keane presided, and among those who sat on the platform with him were the following gentlemen: P. V. Fitzpatrick, P. B. Fanagan, J. J. O'Connell, Frank Conroy, John Foley, Joseph A O'Donnell, J. J. Sullivan, Arthur McKeown, John J. McKenna, Michael Fitzgerald, William Gavan, P.H. Donnelly, Springfield, Ill.; Michael Clarkson, Patrick J. Mangan, Walter J Clarke, Martin Mulcahey, L R. Buckley, Patrick O'Brien, Patrick F. Conway, T. F. McCarthy, John J. Fox, John Dowling, J.W. McCarthy, James C Strain, J. J. Phelan, M. J. Kelly, David Clogheesy, J. J. Mahoney, D. O'Callaghan, P. W. Crowe, James Doheney, Peoria, Ill.; Thomas F O'Neill, Roger C Sullivan, J. A. Hickey, Martin C. Leyden, Francis T. Colby, Col. Thomas L Hartigan, M. P. Fitzgerald, Harry Fleming, Thomas Mannon, James S. Thomas, P. Hickey, James Lyman, William McCoy, Hugh Jordan, Ald. T. Hickey, E. J. Quinlan, Daniel Corkery, D. J. Horan, Charles Cody, Thomas O'Donnell, William H. Joyce, Patrick Byrnes, Ald. E J. Burke, Michael McNamara, the Hon. Michael McInerney, Michael McCarthy, John Roche.

In his opening address Chairman Keane said the gathering was in commemoration of the immortal Manchester martyrs, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, who, twenty-three years ago, had given up their lives for the glorious cause of Irish freedom. These martyrs had not died in vain, and it was the hope of the loyal Irishmen of Chicago and America that the time would soon come when Ireland would be free. The martyrs had no thoughts for themselves, and their last prayer on the scaffold was "God save Ireland." The Irish Nationalists of Chicago were not only willing but anxious to do all in their power for the glorious cause. They would stand by their party leaders, and then in conclusion he said: "We will oppose no man who has rendered good and faithful service to our cause, and we are not opposed to a man whom a perjured English jury has condemned. [Cheers.] And we hope that every man, woman, and child of you will be at Battery D next Saturday night to welcome the ambassadors of the Parnell party." [Loud applause.]

Having finished his address the chairman introduced Miss Julia Craney, who gave a selection on the piano. J. J. Phelan then sang a patriotic Irish song and Miss Kittie A Carey recited "We Cling to Ireland Still."

C. D. O'Brien, ex-mayor of St. Paul, Minn., was to have made an address at this point, but he was detained at home on legal business.

Mr. M. P. Brady was then introduced, and spoke as follows:

Friends of liberty, sons and daughters of a mother acquainted with grief and grown aged in sorrow; children of a dispersed race, exiles ever hoping and ever loving; men and women whose fathers for 700 years have struggled for the freedom of their native land, I salute you. Tonight, as a free people, in a free land, you are assembled to honor the memory of gallant men who died for the liberty of the land you love. In that land tonight no man may dare to praise their devotion to liberty or commemorate the heroism that ennobled their lives and has made their names and memory to us most dear. Recognizing and fearing the potency of the spirits of the patriots whose lives it destroyed upon a gallows, the British government has forbidden, as unlawful and seditious, the commemoration in Ireland of the martyrdom of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien. Fearless and defiant of the tyrant's enslaving laws those heroes were on earth, because they were faithful to the mission of their race. Therefore you are assembled in thousands to laud their fidelity, extol their names before the world, and offer the tender tribute of grateful praise for the sublime sacrifice they made for their country. It becomes us as the children of an ancestry that for seven centuries struggled and suffered for liberty—it becomes us, as citizens of the most glorious republic of the earth, to manifest our deathless affection for those gallant men who were so true to the cause we love, and to proclaim to the world that the principles they avowed unto their death shall animate us till, if in the providence of God it be decreed, our end shall be as glorious as was theirs. We honor them because they loved liberty and died for liberty—because they loved God, and resolved that liberty, God's best gift to man, should be enjoyed by their native land. (Applause) Oh, how ardently the heart of my race has prayed to the God of Justice for deliverance from oppression—for the resplendent blessing of liberty! Ireland's poets in their sweetest minstrelsy have besought it, and in their tenderest strains have most lovingly and rapturously prophesied of its bright dawn upon the land of their love. (Applause). A few moments ago a song of Ireland's immortal bard, "The Minstrel Boy" sounded in our ears. I saw your responsive hearts yield the tribute of feeling to the glorious sentiment expressed in the words of the poet, and I saw that the spirit of Ireland's nationality throbbed in your bosoms with the same deathless vigor with which it had animated, inspired and sustained your patriot ancestors amid the carnage of battle, in the gloom of the prison, on the roadside bed where they died of agonizing famine, and on the woful gallows where their gallant and rebellious hearts were stilled in death for the rights and the honor of their country! (Great applause) Sweet and sad the songs and the music of our race may be indeed, but the gloom of despair is in neither. Mingled with the tone of Sorrow is always the bright strain of Hope, because the heart of Ireland is Christian. The heart of Ireland is a shrine wherein abides the radiant virtue Hope, with her shining sisters Faith and Charity. O, refulgent Hope, the Almighty hath kindled thy beaming flame in Ireland's heart to light her through the gloom of trials and of sorrows, the darkness of misfortune, and the black night of defeat, to the supernal heights of cloudless liberty. (Applause) Thou torch of God, kindled to guide my faithful race to freedom, as of old the pillar of fire before Israel flamed to light them out of the land of bondage, follow thee we shall till the splendor of thy shining is swallowed up in the greater glory of the effulgent blaze of freedom. (Tumultuous applause).

In the grand republic of the West, the Irish race is prosperous, and for this devoutly we thank Almighty God, and reverently and gratefully we cherish the memory of the gallant men who swept oppression from this fruitful land and here established freedom. The fruits of their valor we enjoy; their love of liberty burns in our bosoms. The splendid heritage they have left we will defend with our fortunes and our lives against every foe that shall assail it. (Applause) If, then, say some who do not understand the spirit of liberty, you men of Irish blood are so happy in America, and here enjoy all that men who would be free can seek or ask, why do you labor in the cause of a land three thousand miles beyond the ocean? To such our answer is: because the spirit or liberty, like holy charity, seeks to bless all who suffer; and because, by the sacred obligations of nature, we are bound to aid the despoiled and outraged land of our origin to regain her ravished rights, and to rise from the painful and wretched condition of unnatural servitude to which the barbarous tyranny of a ruthless power has, by murderous force, reduced it. When the revolted colonies of America rose to throw off the yoke of the British tyrant and to assert their rights to independence, they expected, solicited, accepted, and profited by the humane and fraternal help of all who sympathized with their righteous efforts. They felt, and the feeling was warranted, that it was the duty of every man, regardless of the land he was born or lived in, to sympathize with and assist them in their struggle against the unjust and oppressive government of Great Britain. Shall their descendants then, or any who enjoy the blessings of a free government their rebellion against tyranny secured in this land, question Ireland's right to expect and solicit our assistance, or our right to extend our sympathy and give our most potent help to that greatly wronged and heroically struggling nation? They cannot. They cannot without incurring the condemnation of the history of the republic and the reproach of an enlightened world. (Great applause) But no misunderstanding of the spirit and purpose of the Irish race can check or hinder its march to destiny. The destiny of Ireland is to be free! The destiny of the Irish race is to be redeemed with plenary redemption that will restore the nation's independence of an unholy and foreign power that only seeks the debasement and destruction of the victims it unhappily rules, and that will invest the Irish people with the sacred right of political equality with the self respecting nations of the world. (Applause). Let it be understood once for all, that it is a matter personal to every one of us, because it involves our personal dignity and self-respect, to say nothing, for the moment, of the other great considerations to which I have called attention, that the domination of the accursed power that now rules in Ireland, shall some day be utterly destroyed, and that it is the duty of each of us to do whatever legitimately he can to destroy it. (Applause) No self-respecting man, and certainly no Irishman will complacently submit to be scornfully pointed at as a man without a country. The atrocious work of the enemies of Ireland for centuries was designed to make the Irishman the contemptible creature jeeringly spoken of as a man without a country; but the infamous work has not been performed, the diabolical scheme has not been successfully executed. Irishmen still hold Ireland, contesting every moment of time, resolutely and determinedly, every step taken to accomplish their debasement. Creditably and gallantly they continue the struggle, inspired by their native spirit and sustained by the sympathy and aid of their kindred throughout the world. No. The malignant foe of the Irish race has not succeeded. Let Balfour the infamous and his hired legions of murderous peelers and soldiers be asked have their outrages upon the people and their crimes against civilization succeeded in putting the manhood of Ireland under their feet, and they shall say, if they are capable of speaking the truth, that they have not been successful. (Hisses and groans, and outcries against Balfour). The courage of the Irish heart and the resolute purpose of Irish manhood, illustrated in Manchester town by the gallant men whose heroism we commemorate tonight, have foiled Balfour and his minions and extorted from the Tory government the compliment to their resolute spirit implied by the force of 40 000 armed enemies of liberty for the suppression of the national spirit in Ireland. (Great applause).

The men whom you honor tonight were revolutionists—revolutionists every one of them. The dearest conviction of their souls was that their country was entitled to freedom—to absolute emancipation from, and absolute independence of the crown and government of England. By your presence here you avow their principles—you also declare yourselves in sympathy with the noblest, the purest and the truest of your race, the men whose fidelity to the cause of their country and whose struggles and sacrifices for her liberty have made the history of their country luminous, preserved the spirit of nationality in the race, and have dignified the manhood of the nation. All, all of these were revolutionists—patriots without a stain, unselfish and devoted to the cause they served, to poverty and to death! (Great applause).

Following this address Miss Alice Higgins recited an Irish ode and then Miss May Sexton gave a song and recitation, "Bunburst of Ireland." "Tears on the Shamrock" was sung by Miss Julia Powers, after which Daniel O'Connor read an address upon the martyrs. "When Ireland Belongs to the Irish Again" was sung by Miss Murphy when Mr. O'Connor had read the address, and then Barney Delany played a number of solos on a bag pipe, after which the closing ode, "God Save Ireland," was sung by the audience.

LOUGH GARA'S SILVER PALACE.

[Legends of Boyle and other ballads composed in Tullamore jail.]

The sun is going down to his bed in the west,
On the peaks of the Corliaus he lingers to rest
And the waves of Lough Gara still flame with his light,
Before they are wrapped in the mantle of night;
In troops are the shadows approaching the lake,
And hushed are the songsters in woodland and brake,
While my boat o'er the waters drifts lazily on,
And I dreamily watch till the daylight is gone.

At this mystic hour when all nature is still,
There seems to my fancy to wind o'er the hill
A sound so entrancing of music divine,
Now in accents appealing, now in notes that repine,
That anon swells aloft in a triumphant roll,
And then sinks to sadness that pierces the soul—
Methought I had heard on a heavenly lyre
An anthem on earth by an angelic choir.

Lo! the waves of Lough Gara are fled from my sight,
And the pigeon and wild-duck have paused in their flight.
For a change has come o'er the face of the land,
And the lake and its waters by some magic wand
Have rolled back and vanished completely from view,
And I stepped in the noon-day 'neath a heaven of blue;
Before me there towered, oh, wondrously fair,
A palace that dazzled my eyes with its glare.

Its walls and its towers and battlements high
With silver replendent are piled to the sky,
Its gates are alive with a hurrying throng
That gaily press forward with laughter and song:
The guards that stand round with benignity beam,
And pleasure and gladness on every side gleam,
For I gazed on the court of a true Irish king,
And its praises for ages I never could sing.

A moment I saw it, and looking again,
Oh, vanished were palace and king and his men,
My boat o'er the waters was drifting once more,
And I hurredly guided her prow for the shore.
Methought that the vision beheld by mine eyes
Betokened that Erin again shall arise
A nation triumphant, rejoicing and free,
When away shall have rolled oppression's dark sea.

—*Roscommon Herald.*

PERSONAL.

On the 16 h inst. a son was born to Mr. Patrick Butler, No. 201 Johnson street, which was christened at the Holy Family church on Sunday last, and was called William O'Brien Butler.

Soiree and Ball.

The Chicago Catholic society for the education of the deaf and dumb, held last Wednesday evening a well attended soiree and ball, the receipts of which are to be devoted to the immediate objects of the society.

A Great Way to Make Money.

Mr. Editor: The "help or the talents" plan of raising money for mission work was new to me, but our Mission Band each agreed to invest $3. Some always made wonderful investments, but I felt, sure I could not even double my "talent." During the week while reading your paper, I concluded to buy a Plater. I sent $3 to W. H. Griffith & Co., Zanesville, Ohio, got a Plater and went to work plating spoons, knives, forks and jewelry, and in a month I had cleared $116 40, and done all the work after school; in three months I cleared $406. This is certainly a rare chance to make money with ease and rapidity. MARY BRITTEN.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.*

THE PROPRIETORS of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure all, but a sure remedy for catarrh, colds in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is easily applied into the nostrils. It gives relief at once.

All scalp and skin diseases, dandruff, falling of the hair, gray or faded hair, may be cured by using that nature's true remedy, Hall's Hair Renewer.

ARRAN ISLANDERS.

Miss Banim's Description of the People Who Inhabit that Lonesome Land.

The Kelp Burner—A Glorious Old Fireplace—A Genuine Irish Kitchen.

THE ARRAN ISLES.

Rounding a point, we came on an old man, a kelp burner, attending to his smoking pile of kelp, and who, in response to my salutation, "Bail o Dia ort" (may be translated "God bless the work"), cordially invited us to rest, and, as we sat on a stone beside him, chatted away about his work, the gathering of the seaweed, its drying and burning, and described the hardships of collecting it in cold and wet, those gathering the weed often standing up to the waist in water. The old man told us that it takes from twelve to fourteen tons of seaweed to make one ton of kelp; he spoke of the many weary hours and days and weeks necessary to prepare even one ton, and then—all this time and labor considered—of the poor price to be had in general in return for so much hard work. Some years ago kelp brought the maker as much as £7 per ton; now, owing to competition from Scotland and France the price to be got is, on an average, but £3 10s per ton, though sometimes the poor man gets a better price, as if to induce him to go on with the work in the hope of this chance. So, for the chance, as well as on the principle that "half a loaf is better than no bread," the people work on making the kelp, which is purchased for various uses, principally for the procuring of iodine, which is extracted from it.

Our old friend was a fair specimen of the Arran Islander; tall and erect, a very thoughtful and intelligent face, with regular, well cut, Celtic features and clear, dark grey eyes, which looked the more striking from having the eyebrows still black, while the hair was snowy white. His manner, a quiet, friendly kindness—polite, respectful, and self-respecting at the same time. He wore the usual very simple, but becoming and substantial Arran costume, which I have already described.

After a good long chat with the old man, and having exchanged, in the beautiful old Irish fashion (long may it reign! as we say) a mutual "a blessing be with thee," we turned homewards, gathering on the way a large bouquet of golden pansies, only a size smaller than the same species which we cultivate so extensively in our gardens; these I never found in any part of the island except in this

"THE FRENCHMAN'S BEACH,"

so called from the wreck, many years ago, of a French vessel whose crew were lost in this bay, none but dead bodies ever reaching the strand.

As we passed into the hotel, I caught sight, through a doorway on my left, of a glorious old Irish fireplace in the kitchen. The bright blaze and the sight of the women grouped around were irresistible; I asked if we might, without disturbing them, sit by the fire for a while. "Oh! heartily welcome, avourneen." Mrs. Macdara's apron was instantly in use to dust chairs and put them in the coolest side of the immense fireplace, a fireplace so wide that it accommodated a guest at each side, besides some cooking utensils, while a splendid turf fire on the hearth blazed up to keep the big kettle (suspended over it by a long iron bar) boiling comfortably for the tea. Little cupboards, here and there in the wall, likewise held stores of small objects, and a flitch or two of home-made bacon made the old fireplace quite an establishment in itself. Beside it the stand of the spinning wheel served as a form until the winter evenings should come, when the wheel would be mounted, the spindle put in, the carders set to work, and the busy spinner be the centre figure in the warm, firelit kitchen, while the immense balls of yarn, spun last winter and now hanging up on the wall, would be taken down and knitted into stockings for the family, or dyed and prepared for the weaver to weave into flannel, frieze, or blankets. For nearly every article of clothing is made at home on the islands, and, though heavy and rather coarse to the touch of those accustomed to the finely dressed (and adulterated) English manufactured goods, the stuffs thus made at home are far warmer and more durable, and also healthier than any others, as nothing but pure wool and vegetable dyes are used. To return to our kitchen—

A GENUINE IRISH KITCHEN

such as one sees with the peasants of the comfortable class, with its dresser full of delft and adorned by two pairs of tall, thin brass candlesticks. On the long form sat, in solemn silence since our entrance, a son of the house, trying vainly to still a perpetual motion baby, the property of the eldest girl, a fine looking young woman who had married a policeman and was soon to bid good bye to her family and island home. Another daughter was busy making bread at the kitchen table, while the youngest of all, a little black-eyed, merry-looking child, was preparing the pot oven for the baking of the bread. My friend Mary came and went on errands, while the vanithee (woman of the house) stood leaning against the dresser, her arms folded, and chatted away, taking in, I could see, what each of us was like and what we were made of, as shrewdly as could any woman of the world.

An elderly man, from whom I saw the son and daughters all took their Celtic eyes and features, came in, and, after a kindly welcome to the strangers, spoke in Irish to his family. When he left, I could not but note the innate good breeding that made the good woman at once translate for us what had been said in, unfortunately, almost an unknown tongue to me. Indeed, whilst among those simple island people, born and bred so far from the world and its conventionalities, I met with many a like instance of refined nature, quick perception of the fitness of things, and an inborn knowledge of what is becoming, correct, and polite, that one many and many a time finds sorely wanting in very pretentious members of society.

Having arranged that we would make our first grand excursion in the morning, we spent an hour at our open window, trying to realize that we were really and truly not only on a genuine island, but on the most out of the way, most interesting, and really least well known island on

THE ENTIRE IRISH COAST.

The evening scene was a pretty one and full of life. Just under the window was the end of the pier and the spot for unloading the turf, for there is no firing of any kind to be found on Arran—all has to be brought from the mainland. This being the season for laying in the winter's supply, there was a constant coming and going of men, women, and children with donkeys and panniers from the distant parts of the island, to where the busy crew of the hooker worked away incessantly, throwing the black sods of turf up on land. Coming along, either walking leisurely (all go leisurely here, where are none of the bustle and rush of the world of train and trams and stock exchanges, and big fortune-makings—and breakings) beside the donkeys or seated behind the paniers, many of the women looked strangely like their own Eastern ancestresses; the sandalled feet, Venetian red petticoat, and; with many of them, bawneen, or white flannel jacket, worn covering the head, forehead, and body in truly Eastern style, have a curiously foreign effect. These women continued coming and going with their loads of turf till dusk. On the low wall outside the house, on blocks of timber, and on the broken wall above the beach, the men sat quietly chatting and smoking; a dozen little children came down for a play, and I never tired of hearing one sweet little voice that constantly kept up a call after "Michaleen, Michaleen" (little Michael).

And so the evening shadows fell, and I heard but indistinctly the murmur of the men's grave voices, the calls of the children, the lapping of the anchored boats, the sough of the tide against the stones, in the great quiet that stole over all—a wide quiet, that seemed to spread itself over the whole air and earth and sea—such only, it seemed, as could come upon a spot far away from the world, and I felt that at last I was upon a real island, and that island Arainn-na-naimh.

What more cheerful than to be awakened by the morning sun shining straight into one's bedroom window? There is something so inviting about its early sparkle, particularly when it is seen dancing in the millions of wavelets that make the living surface of a sea just touched by a fresh summer's breeze. This is the sunshine that lights up the bedrooms in Arran, pouring into and furnishing the homely little chambers in a manner that no great London cabinet-maker or upholsterer can equal, let him expend any amount of money on carpets, laces, fine tapestry, or mirrors. Where can he find tapestry like the moving golden reflection of the sunlit waters on the wall? and where can he get ventilators to let in such fresh, bracing air as that which here fills the place with life and freshness?

Then, when the morning air has reminded one that something to eat also would be good for breakfast, from what hotel out in the commonplace world could a traveler (bent on being thoroughly at home and happy) sally forth with the waitress and help to fetch home water for the tea from the well up the next boreen?—and, the water safe home from the well, how pleasantly unconventional to turn into the kitchen, have a pleasant word with all there, see the tea made, and, while it draws, go out with the baby of the house for a chase after the black pigs? All this we enjoyed of a morning at the Atlantic Hotel.

Our first long excursion on Arranmor was as charming a walk as perhaps could be found in the entire island, although it would be difficult to say on what side the greatest variety and beauty exist, where every ramble—north, south, east, or west—is but a series of surprises. Nowhere, I think, is there within the small limits of an island, nine miles long and two wide at the widest point, such a wonderful variety of interesting, novel, and—yes—beautiful scenery as an acquaintance with this little spot unfolds at every turn. And the strange part of all is that no one viewing the place, even when landed there, would for a moment imagine that it is other than a bare, glaringly naked rock, upon which it seems an utter impossibility that human life could be sustained, for no sign of as much as a blade of grass is visible until coming to know the ways and ins and outs of the stone country, the visitor meets unexpected charms at every turn.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

OBITUARY.

MRS. ESTHER REILLY.

Mrs. Esther Reilly, wife of Mr. John Reilly, the veteran railroad engineer, and mother of the late William H. Reilly, died at her residence in this city on the 31 inst. She was 50 years old, and was born in the Queen's county, Ireland. She married early in life, and eleven children, eight of whom still survive, blessed her union with Mr. Reilly. The deceased was a most devout Catholic, a devoted wife, and an affectionate mother. Her death is a sore affliction to all the family, and THE CITIZEN deeply sympathizes with them in their bereavement.

AN AMERICAN TOUR.

Breezy and Bracing Narrative of an Eastern Trip by Mr. Thomas E. Nelson, of this City.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK]

[*To the Editor.*]

BLOCK ISLAND, Sept. 6.—Now comes the question of seasickness, as the boat steams across fifteen miles of blue water of the Atlantic. However the sea is very rough, and on the upper deck are maidens young and fair, who are trying hard to give up the seasickness. It continues rough, and the whitecaps lash and foam, and whose every motion helps show a weakness—that one has to yield. At last Block Island looms up large with its clay head on one side and pebbly beach on the other. This is all one can see on his arrival outside of the fishing boats of which there are many moored at all times in the harbor. It does indeed present an odd but yet picturesque scene.

One Monday afternoon several friends and myself secured two carriages and started for a tour of this mid-ocean island. During which time we visited all points of interest—among which were Southlight and Beacon Hill. At the latter place we halted and ascended the tower, from which a splendid view is had of the many wrecks which decorate its coasts. This island is all hillocks and dells—a rolling country, very much like southern Wisconsin. The farms, of which there are many, are all fenced in with stone walls.

On our return from Beacon Hill, we often caught this remark—as we passed the small ponds, in which there were many pond lillies—"Oh, what pretty pond lillies." Before reaching our hotel we had to pass the village of the Dodges and Balls. It is situated on the beach, which here stretches in long distances into the sea. You may wade in for rods without going out of your depth. The sands glisten white and shiny on the shore, and when the sea is calm all around seems as if in repose. Every one you meet is either a "Dodge" or a "Ball." These two families and their descendants have owned, occupied, and tilled the land, peopling it and burying their dead from time immemorial, and are, seemingly, a law unto themselves; yet they are a law-abiding people, religious, withal prosperous and thrifty. It has been reported of them in a legendary sort of way—your correspondent could not trace it back to its original source, as it dates with the fossils and geological ideas of the formation of the world, back millions of years, and was to this effect—"Each child of these two families, in order to be proved the genuine article, at a certain period of its growing existence is taken down to the beach and cast into the sea. As the waves toss it toward the shore and the goddess of the beach, with her protecting arms shielding the babe, the lord high executioner of the legend casts direct at the head of the little one a mystic stone which is fated to destroy anyone not the genuine article. If pure gold and no alloy, the missile bounds harmlessly off, and the life of the candidate is assured, and its name is either Dodge or Ball—so much for its inhabitants."

Our next adventure was a sail in the "Ocean View Steamer" around the island. It was on Sunday afternoon, and I assure you that we shall never forget that afternoon's sport. We had just rounded the southern portion of the island and were sailing at a very rapid rate in a choppy sea; one minute we would think we were all right, and in another we were rocked by the heavy sea. As we were nearing Point Judith our sail broke loose from its fastenings, and each and every one who leaned on the yard-arm found himself in imminent peril. After passing this point the sea was calm and a half hour's sailing brought us back to our mooring.

Next morning myself and friend strolled on the beach for about a mile and a half, at which distance was visible the famous Searle Cottage. This building is situated on a high point commanding an excellent view of the ocean. It is of Moorish architecture, and is surrounded by large and spacious lawns. We tried to gain an entrance, but on the gate was a placard—"Positively no Admittance."

Our last evening was spent on the veranda of the Ocean View Hotel, watching the moon rise. It was indeed a picture worthy of any artist's brush. As it came in full view we could see out on the horizon ships crossing and recrossing its pathway. We enjoyed the cool, bracing winds for awhile, recalling varied pleasures of the trip, and at last weary with our efforts of the day, retired. The following afternoon we departed.

"Oh thou Isle of the Manisses—
With thy hills and dales so fair,
With the sun so bright
And the moon's pale light
With thy pure and balmy air.
Where the pond lillies grow with their sweet perfume
And the surf where we met at the sea
With thy quaint old mills and crooked lanes
You have many charms for me."

T. E. NELSON.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVIII—(Continued)

IN DOUBT.

"We have been pledged to one another now, Helen, for twelve months," said Sir Trevor. "There is nothing, I hope, since to change or alter our engagement. You are left alone—with the deepest sorrow I say it—in the world friendless and desolate. The past cannot be changed. Would it not, therefore, be better that our marriage, dear Helen, should take place as soon as possible, and that you should no longer be left without a protector? My happiness is in your hand, and my fate hangs upon your words."

"It would not, I think, be befitting," she said quietly, drying her tears the while, "that I should be married, with Redmond's fate still unknown. It is very kind and thoughtful of you, dear Trevor, to think of me in my loneliness and desolation; but I think it would be but treating him—on my part, that is—unkindly to not wait at least until we have a better chance of hearing from him. Besides, I am not at all strong at present, and need some rest before entering on new cares and new duties. When I return from Inch I shall be better prepared to talk over it."

"How long do you propose remaining there, Helen? Your wish is law to me, as it shall ever be; but I need not tell you how anxiously I shall await the termination of the time that shall enable you to say 'yes' to me."

"Kate presses me to consent to remain with her until May. We are only bringing Luke and Norah with us. Cauth and the remainder of the servants will remain at Seamore."

"May is a long time to wait for, Helen. Could you not name an earlier day?"

"No, I don't think so, Sir Trevor. Not at present, at least, for I have promised Kate. But I may change my mind in the meantime. Redmond—poor fellow!—may yet return, for something tells me that he will; and how delightful it would be if he did, and we three were once more together."

"It is rather disappointing to me, Helen dearest, but I am content to wait my happiness at your hands. I shall have opportunities of seeing you, however—it would be a desolate time for me if I could not—for there is an estate of mine in Wexford which I have never yet visited, but which your presence there will give me an opportunity of seeing, as it will be to me the happy occasion and means of seeing you."

"It will be a source of infinite pleasure to us," said Helen gracefully and warmly, "if we should have you for a neighbor. It will be perfectly delightful, and I trust you will comethere as soon as possible. Inch, Kate tells me, is by the sea, in the neighborhood of old castles and ruined abbeys, and it would be extremely pleasant to have your company when visiting them. I sadly need some change, for I feel very desolate and lonely here."

"I shall make arrangements this very evening, Helen, darling," he said, rising to take his leave and holding her hand in his; "and I trust that long before the time you mention your mind will change, and that you will come back to Seamore with a lighter and more joyous heart."

He took his leave with a courteous and chivalrous tenderness which quite won upon Helen. He was so thoughtful, so tender, so considerate, so ready to subordinate his own ideas to her wishes! She felt happy, and her heart rose to think that there was one true man in the world—one on whom a girl's heart might rest with implicit reliance and trust.

When he had gone, Cauth entered the drawingroom with Norah to light the lamps, for the evening was closing. When the latter had left she took her place by Helen's side at the fire and took her hand in hers, as was her wont when Helen was a child.

"Helen, dear, you are looking better this evening."

"I feel better, Grannie."

"Sir Trevor Mortimer remained a long time, darling. What did he say to you?"

"What do you mean, Grannie?"

"Did he," said the old housekeeper, pressing Helen's hand with affection and anxiety, "did he ask you to marry him?"

"He did, Grannie."

"And what did you say, my pet?"

"I told him I could not at present—not at any rate until after I come back from Inch in May. Don't you think I was right, Grannie?"

The old woman shook her head disappointedly.

"You don't seem pleased, Grannie—why?" asked the girl, noticing the motion.

"He told me he would ask you to do so now, my dear, and I hoped you would have said 'yes.' You are all alone here now, Helen aroon, and the sooner you have someone to take care of you and Seamore the better. A girl's heart is sometimes foolish—and folly and misfortune go hand in hand together. I am an old woman, my dear, and I have seen a great many things that have made me wiser than you. And I have seen, aroon, how near you were to losing your heart to that young fellow that came to us and went so suddenly, and what an escape you had."

"Grannie," said Helen, recurring quickly to what Sir Trevor Mortimer had said, and what Moya had previously stated, "You don't believe Eugene was as bad as it is said? You don't believe he would act the part of an assassin?"

"No, my pet. God forbid! But there are people—families—I have known them in my time—many besides his—that bring always ill luck and misfortune with them wherever they come or wherever they go. He is one of them. His father was so before him. And from the night he turned up with your glove in his hand, and—"

"Oh, Grannie! Grannie!" cried Helen, trembling, as the remembrance of her alarm on that night came freshly on her mind, "Don't mention that! For the love of heaven don't mention that!"

"Very well, honey, I won't; but I am glad he is gone. Dearly as I loved him when a little boy, for his own winning ways and his sweet mother's sake, I am glad he is gone—for more and more trouble would have come if he had not. It comes with his very presence. Misfortune stands at his right hand, whether he wills it or not."

"Don't speak any more of it, Grannie. His very name alarms me."

"Better that than worse—as it was near being and easily might be. But I am glad that you did not put off Sir Trevor Mortimer too long. There's many a slip between the cup and the lip, honey; and you might wait long before you could meet one as true, as loving, and as worthy of you as he."

Helen thought so too; and Kate Howard coming in at the moment, she kissed the old confident for her kindness and affectionate interest, who then left.

The two girls proceeded to discuss the manner and means of their journey to Wexford—no inconsiderable journey in those days—with which we have nothing to do.

But if Helen had been able to listen to a conversation in which she was deeply concerned, then occurring not very far from Seamore, her dreams instead of being, as they were, full of pleasure and of a roseate hue, would have been crowded with terrors to which those she had yet experienced would have been but trifling.

CHAPTER XIX.

MOYA'S ADVICE.

Sir Trevor Mortimer left Seamore and Helen's presence with deep mortification. He had come strongly under the belief and impression that, in the lonely and isolated circumstances in which she found herself, the young girl would have gladly accepted his proposal. Everything tended to convince him thereof.

There was, firstly, the conviction, which he had taken care, by chance hints, to impress upon her, of the treacherous conduct of Eugene, which, remaining uncontradicted, was certain to poison her mind against him, assuming that she did entertain any affection for him.

There was, secondly, the fate of Redmond, in itself quite sufficient to make her fly for shelter and succor to one able and willing to shield her from further harm and danger. And there was, thirdly, their long engagement and intimacy which he had done nothing to weaken, and which only the French officer's arrival had in any degree estranged.

But he had found his calculations set at nought. The weakness of his fiancee was too strong for him, and he was now left with all the uncertainties attaching to a prolonged delay. He was, therefore, in no pleasant humor returning into the city.

On his way, however, he bethought himself of Moya's cabin, and partly retraced his steps. Passing along an unfrequented track through the tall whins, he arrived at the fortune teller's cabin, and with very little ceremony, entered.

"Back so soon?" said the old woman, glancing at his angry features.

"Yes, and I might have been back earlier for all the success I had."

"Indeed," said she, half sneeringly.

"I find you have not done me much good, Moya," he said, his ill temper in no wise lessened by her curt remarks.

"I did you good enough if you only knew how to make use of it. Did you ask her?"

"I did."

"An' she refused you?"

"No, but what was as bad—or, perhaps, worse—she postponed it until May. She is going, as you told me, to Wexford, and would not entertain the idea until she comes back."

"Well, an' what would you have?"

"Something other than that, Moya. It is a long time, and many things may happen before then."

"What?"

"Why, you know them yourself as well as I do. *He* may return, for instance, and his return would work disaster. You know it would. And then, Alice."

"Ay, what of her?" inquired the old woman keenly.

"*She* may turn up at any moment. The terror she felt at first for the attempt on my life will grow less and less by degrees. And though she has hid herself away since, the devil may prompt her to put in an appearance at any moment."

"Could you not——"

"No, Moya; I could not. The publicity of the thing would in itself be ruin to me. How could I prosecute her without exposing myself? And if nobody even would believe her, how could I face Helen Barrington again with my statements to the public contradicted by—myself?"

"I did not mean prosecuting her," said the old hag, bending her face down to blow the dry bushes she had placed on the fireplace into a blaze.

"You did not mean prosecuting her," said Mortimer, with a sudden change in his manner, and a lowering of his voice. "What did you mean? Not to——"

"And supposing I did?" said she cautiously, glancing at his face with a look of keenness, as the light of the now burning whins fell on it—"an' supposin' I did? Would there be anything worse in that than you have already done? Isn't it the easiest way out of the trouble?"

"You are not serious in this, Moya—are you?"

He spoke in a whisper, and took his seat on the straw seat beside her, the better to converse without the risk of speaking loudly.

"What other way is there out of it? Didn't she try to do the same by you?"

"She did, Moya; but it was in the heat and temper of madness. This would be in cold blood."

"You are getting very tender hearted," sneered the old woman. "You should give up Helen Barrington, and stick to *her*. She is your lawful wife."

"For heaven's sake, stop that, Moya," said Sir Trevor in affright, every symptom of anger disappearing from his face as he deprecated the jeering demeanor of the fortuneteller. "It is your advice I want, and I require it now of all times in the world."

GAELIC POETRY.

Mediae Noctis Consilium

[LEANTA O'N T-SEACHT-MHAIN SO CHUAIDH THART.]

AN DARA HOINN.

Nóch do thráchtas air an sean-duine 'san g-cúirt ag labhairt go trom, táir, tarcuisneach, agus go neamh-chumanach air mhná óga.

Freaban anuas go fuadrach fiochmhar,
Seanduine suathrach 's fuadach nimhe fae,
A bhaill air luasgadh, 's luas anál air,
Draíon 's duais air fuaid a chnámhna,
Budh dheireóil an radhare go deimhin do'n chuirt é,
Air bórd na taidhbhse am éisteacht duabhairt sé,
Dochar 's díoghbháil 's síor-chrádh cléibh art,
A thoice le mí-stáid, a sbíoi-gádha, 's déirce.
Is dóith nac íougnadh luigeadh na gréine o
'S fós gach tiubaist dár imthigh air Eire,
Mar mheath gach ceart, gan reacht, gan dlígh 'guinn,
Ar m-badh bheith bleacht gan lacht, gan laoigh, 'guinn
'S dá d-tagach níos mó do mhór-sgrios tíorthadh,
'S gach faíson dá náadhacht air Mhór, 's air Shíghile,
A thoice gan chrích nach cuimhin le táinte,
Olcas an taíolraig daoine ó d-tángais,
Gan focal le muígheamh ad shíuslr ghrána,
Acht lópuig gan bhrígh, lucht míre, 's mála.
Is aithbid duinne an súmaire is athair duit,
Gan charaid, gan chlú, gan chúil, gan airgead,
'Na leibide liath gan chiall, gan mhúnadh,
Gan mheidir, gan mhias, gan bhiadh, gan anlan.
Gan faíce air a ghabhal, 'na dhrom gan cóta,
Gad air a chom, 'na bhonn gan bróga,
Creidig-sí a dhaoine dá n-díoltbaoí air aonach,
Eision 'sa mhaoin, d'éis foc gach éilimh,
Dar eolan mo náimhad budh dhíthchioll mór do,
Potadh maith dighe le'n fhuíghlioch d'fhuasgailt.
Nách mór an t-ádhbhacht, 'san gleó 'dir dhaoine,
Trodaire ad shórt gan bó, gan caoradh,
Búclaoí ad bhróga, 's clóca síoda ort,
'S ciaraídir pócadh gabhail na gaoithe,
Deilair an saoghal go léir led' thaidhbhse,
Dob' aithmid dam féin tu taobh le caíp bheag,
Is deacair liom labhairt go lom, 'nas léir dam,
Is fada do dhrom gan cabhair ó'n léine,

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

"I have given you advice," retorted the old woman, "and you wont take it."

"What do you advise, Moya?"

"I have said it afore, an' I wont say it again."

"And you really mean that?"

"I? I didn't would I say it?"

"It's impossible, Moya—impossible. It couldn't be done—I couldn't do it."

"If you don't you'll never see yourself the owner of Seamore, nor the husband of its owner. You'll never put a weddin' ring on her finger. Let her but wance come afore Miss Helen with that story, an your chances are gone as much as if you wor beside Redmond Barrington in the mud ov Dublin Bay. It's not harder to do it nor it was to strike *him* down."

"Hush! Moya. Walls have ears."

"I don't care for them, if they have ears twenty times over."

"I don't know about that, Moya," said Mortimer significantly. "We are both in the same boat as far as that and other things are concerned. What affects me affects you. But this is not the time to speak of this. I have been very good to you, Moya, and I am not going to be worse now than I was. See here!"

He took from his pocket a purse and emptied the contents into her lap. The grey eyes of the withered hag glistened as the golden coin jingled in her apron.

"You see, Moya, I know how to reward faithful services. And I shall reward them yet more liberally. Now, Moya, if I were to take your advice——"

He paused.

"Go on," muttered the fortuneteller.

"See here, Moya," said he after a pause—"here's how the matter stands. I am going down to Grey Abbey. You know the place—you have not forgotten it long as you have been away from it?"

The hag nodded.

"The place is ruined and abandoned, as you know, for years. I shall get it fitted up at once to live in. I must be near Helen. I cannot live away from her. For good or for evil, I must be in her presence. It is not alone that I love her—it is that I dread when away from her that some inkling of the truth may come to her in my absence and ruin me."

He paused again, more in deep reflection than from any remark or reply he expected from her.

"When I am gone there, Moya," he continued, "*she* may turn up—nay, she *will* come from her hiding place. She may come to you. If she does, Moya, could you not tell her that I have forgotten and forgiven all; that I am anxious to see her; that I am willing to receive her in Grey Abbey, where she will be welcomed as my wife? You can come with her, Moya; come in secrecy, and no one will be the wiser. What do you think of that, Moya?"

"An'—in Grey Abbey?" whisperingly queried the old woman, an evil expression leading an additional repugnance to her puckered features.

"It is near the seaside, Moya. It is a lonely and forgotten place. Let the future speak for itself."

"It'll be done. I'll bring her."

Sir Trevor Mortimer stood up from his seat, all irresolution gone from him. He had cast aside in the brief conversation whatever remained of goodness—and it was not much—in his heart. There was ruin around him, and in his desperation he resolved on the worst.

No human form should stand between him and his resolve to win and wed the heiress of Seamore.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

GRAY—At Nass, Nov. 2, Louisa Anna Beatrice, fourth daughter of the late W.S. Gray.

HERBS—At the Hospice for the Dying, Haroldscross, Nov. 1, Maryanne Herbs, widow of the late Henry Herbs, and eldest daughter of Patrick and Bridget McCabe, of 15 Leinster Market.

JACKSON—Oct. 30, Mr. John Jackson, Richhill, Armagh.

MELVIN—At the residence of her son, Rev J. J. Melvin, P.P., Templeboy, Oct. 27, Mrs. Melvin, aged 79 years. She was also the mother of a long family in America, among whom is the Very Rev. Dr. James Melvin, of San Francisco.

ROSS—Nov. 1, Jane Ross, widow of the late William Ross, late of The Brougham, aged 71.

BERGIN—At 89 Manor street, Dublin, William Bergin, late of the D. M. P., aged 81 years.

MURPHY—Nov. 4, John T. Murphy, son of the late T. W. Murphy, solicitor, Killarney.

LEONARD—At Our Lady's Hospice, Dublin, Nov. 5, Norah, wife of Patrick Leonard.

BRENNAN—At 109 Seville place, Dublin, Nov. 6, Patrick Joseph, eldest son of the late Edward Brennan, Dorset street.

GOGHLAN—At St. Vincent's Hospital, Dublin, Nov. 6, Daniel, eldest son of James and Mary Coghlan, Kylogue, Oola, county Limerick, and for several years a trusted assistant of Ald. D. Burke.

DOYLE—At his residence, Slievecorragh, Nov. 5, John Doyle.

O'CONNOR—At his residence, No. 11 Roseville Cottage, Merrion, Charles O'Connor.

REYNOLDS—At the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, Nov. 5, wife of John Reynolds, second eldest daughter of the late Christopher Barsfield, Custom House Docks, Dublin.

ROGERS—Nov. 6, Jane, relict of the late Mathew Rogers, Navan, county Meath, and daughter of the late Peter Murphy, Watling street, Dublin, aged 84

BARRY—At Sugarstown, Kilfane, county Kilkenny, Nov 12, Catherine, relict of the late John Barry, and mother of Rev. M. Barry, St. Kieran's College.

REID—At Dyer street, Drogheda, Nov. 11, Mrs. Catherine Reid.

REYNOLDS—At 15 North King street, Dublin, Nov. 10, Michael Reynolds.

GAUGHRAN—At Lobinstown, Slane, county Meath, Nov. 10, Hugh Gaughan.

GORMAN—At The Glebe, Coolraine, Mountrath, Nov. 9, John Gorman.

MCCARTIE—At the Presentation Convent, St. Joseph's Millstreet, Nov. 2, Sister Mary Gertrude McCartie, in the 48th year of her religious profession, aged 81.

SULLIVAN—Margaret, wife of Michael Sullivan, Minane Bridge, Cork, aged 36.

WALL—At Ballygarr, county Galway, Nov. 9 eldest son of the late Garret and Mary Wall, aged 19.

BUTTERLY—At Baltray, Drogheda, on Nov. 10, Joseph Butterly, only son of the late James Butterly, Laurence street, Drogheda, T.C.

MCANASPIE—At 3 Crawford terrace, Ballybough road, Dublin, Nov. 9, Patricia Anne, daughter of the late Thomas McAnespie, artist and sculptor.

FOGARTY—At his father's residence, Swanlinbar, county Cavan, Oct. 27, Patrick Laurence, son of Andrew Fogarty, aged 25.

HUME—At his residence, Littleton, Stillorgan, county Dublin, Nov. 4, William Charles Hume, J.P., of Ballinvollo, Ovoca, county Wicklow, in his 86th year.

LAMY-MCGRATH—Serifontaine, France, Kate, wife of Joseph Lamy, daughter of the late Michael McGrath, Rosecres.

WALSHE—Nov. 3, Michael F. Walshe of the registry of deeds office, Dublin formerly of Kilfenaule.

WALSH—Nov. 4, Michael, third son of John Walsh, Tinalinton, Conahy, county Kilkenny, aged 31.

FLYNN—At his residence, Parnell street, Dungarvan, Oct. 28, Maurice Flynn, T.C., aged 53.

HIGGINS—At Carragh Lodge, Granard, Nov. 1, Anne M., widow of the late Wm. Higgins (formerly clerk of the Granard Union).

SPENCER—At Sweetbriar, Tramore, Nov. 3, Harriet, relict of the late T. C. Spencer, S.P., aged 82.

BURKE—At Lower Rathfarnham, Nov. 7, James Burke.

KELLY—At Newbridge, Oct. 31, Margaret, relict of James Kelly, of Carragh.

KENNEDY—At his residence, Richmond Stores, Elphin, county Roscommon, Nov. 3, Michael Kennedy, aged 64.

MADDEN—At 10 Upper Sherrard street, Dublin, Nov. 8, Theresa, relict of the late John Madden, Cleaboy House, county Roscommon, aged 76

SHANNON—At Rivoli, Ennistymon, Nov. 8, James Shannon, solicitor, aged 61.

BYRNE—At his residence, Main street, Nass, Nov. 5, Patrick Byrne, aged 58.

COFFEY—At her daughter's residence, 8 Arbor hill, Dublin, Nov. 5, Katherine, wife of Cornelius Coffey, late of Clonmel, county Tipperary, aged 70; of the O'Donovan family of Kinsale.

CONNOLLY—At 24 Capel street, Dublin, Mrs. Agnes Connolly, aged 53, widow of the late Owen Connolly, and daughter of the late Patrick Rogers,

DOWLING—At Charles street, Launceston, Tasmania, Sept. 21, James W. Dowling, aged 34, eldest son of the late John B. Dowling, of Cullenswood avenue, Dublin.

HENRY—At his residence, Frances street, Newtownards, Nov. 5, William Henry, editor and proprietor of the Newtownards *Chronicle*.

MCENTEE—At Castletown Kilpatrick, Navan, county Meath, Nov. 4, Mrs. Mary McEntee, mother of Rev. Hugh McEntee, P.P., Donore.

MULHOLLAND—At Dublin, Nov. 5, Jennie, wife of George A. Mulholland, organist, of Londonderry, second daughter of Thomas Hughes, Armagh.

WARD—At his residence, Fox and Geese, Oct. 22, Peter Ward.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skilful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. McGill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

AN EX CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

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INDIAN GHOST DANCE.

How the Red Man Renders Himself Unconscious.

STORY TOLD BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

The Savages Circle Around a Tree Until They Swoon from Exhaustion, When They Claim to See and Converse with the New Christ—One Indian Who Was to Turn Buffalo and Be Killed and Eaten—A Massacre Reported.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 22.—Mrs. James A. Finley, wife of ex-Councilman Finley, of this city, now postmaster and post trader at Pine Ridge agency, is in this city. Mrs. Finley left the agency a few days ago by direction of her husband, who sent her here for safety. In an interview Saturday she described the ghost dances. She said these dances had been in progress for some time. The first she learned of them was last August, when a crowd of Indians left the reservation to hold, as they said, a council, and when the police found them they were engaged in the dance. Since then they have been holding them regularly. One ghost dance that she saw was participated in by 480 Indians.

"In preparing for the dance," she said, "they cut the tallest tree that they can find, and having dragged it to a level place of prairie set it up in the ground. Under this tree four of the head men stand. Others form in a circle and begin to go around and around the tree. They begin the dance on Friday afternoon. It is kept up Saturday and Sunday until sundown. During all this time they do not eat or drink. They keep going round in one direction until they become so dizzy that they can scarcely stand, then turn and go in the other direction and keep it up till they swoon from exhaustion. This is what they strive to do, for while they are in a swoon they think they see and talk with the new Christ.

Return of Good Indian Times.

"When they regain consciousness they tell their experiences to the four wise men under the tree. All their tales end with the same story about the two mountains that are to belch forth mud and bury the white men, and the return of good Indian times. They lose all of their senses in the dance. Some get down on all fours and bob about like buffalo. When they cannot lose their senses from exhaustion they butt their heads together, beat them on the ground and do anything to become insensible, so that they may be ushered into the presence of the new Christ. At the end of the dance they have a grand feast, the revel lasting all Sunday night. They kill several steers and eat them raw, drink and gorge themselves to make up for their fast. The arrival of the troops there will make the Indians much worse and they will surely fight. They have said all along that nothing should break up the ghost dance, even if they were all killed. But then if they had been allowed to continue it I think they would have gone crazy, so that they would have taken to the war-path, anyway. They are all well armed and have plenty of ammunition.

Buffalo in the Form of a Man.

"At last Friday's dance one of the braves was to go into a trance and remain in this condition four days. At the close of this period he was to come to life as a buffalo—he would still have the form of a man but he would be a buffalo. They were then to kill the buffalo and every Indian who did not eat a piece of him would become a dog. The man who was to turn into a buffalo was perfectly willing and I suppose they have killed and eaten him by this time. If the government just lets them alone there will be no need of troops; they will kill themselves dancing. Seven or eight of them died as a result of one dance near Wounded Knee. They are now dancing on a creek about five miles south of Wounded Knee and dancing with all their arms. Every Indian has about four war clubs made out of round stones twisted in rawhide. They throw these around during the dance, strew the ground with them and beat their heads against them. The agent with his Indian police can not control them and it is necessary to have the troops on the ground."

Warned by the Sioux.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Nov. 23.—A Mandan, N. D., special says: Sheriff Burgenheimer Saturday morning received a telegram from Sims, a town forty miles west, stating that the people are coming in from the Muddy and Heart rivers, having been warned by the Sioux to look out for themselves. The sheriff at once shipped forty guns to Sims and Hebron. Capt. Halloran, commanding at Ft. Abraham Lincoln Mountain, says that there is no ground for alarm, and has written reassuring letters to the local papers.

Ready for Battle.

OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 22.—Reports from Pine Ridge agency tell that the Indians are assembling there in war paint and are painting their horses, and that they tell agency employes that they are ready to fight the soldiers. Monday is issue day and trouble is predicted if the ghost dancers are denied. They are promised each day that the Messiah will come on the next.

Seven Settlers Reported Killed.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Nov. 22.—The Journal's Pierre, S. D., special says: A telegram to the governor from Gettysburg, Potter county, stated that seven persons had been killed by the Indians near Lebeau, and asking for militia. A telegram from Hermosa, in the Black Hills, asked for 300 rifles. No one here credits the reports of the massacre.

Narrow Escape from Death.

MARINETTE, Wis., Nov. 21.—Ex-Senator Edwin Schofield and wife had a narrow escape from death Sunday night. Gas escaped from the bath room, where the light had been accidentally extinguished, and filled the bed room. About midnight Mrs. Schofield awakened nearly overcome by the gas. Falling out upon the floor and realizing the situation, she roused up sufficiently to open a window and then to drag Mr. Schofield out of bed. It was a very narrow escape.

Robbed and Murdered on a Train.

WARSAW, Nov. 22.—The dead bodies of two passengers found in the Vienna mail train Thursday on its arrival at Kutno, have been identified as those of cashiers of a Warsaw bank, who were traveling to Berlin in charge of funds amounting to £55,000. There is no clue to the person or persons who robbed and murdered the men.

BIG CONCERN IN A HOLE.

United States Rolling Stock Company in a Receiver's Hands.

CHICAGO, Nov. 22.—The United States Rolling Stock company, having a large plant at Hegewisch, has been placed in the hands of a receiver. The liabilities are given at $3,816,000 and the assets at $6,053,000. Attorney J. S. High, of the company, says the failure was precipitated by slow collections and the depression in the money market.

Something Had To Be Done.

The company's creditors are principally among banks and large dealers from whom it purchases material and supplies, while its creditors are the railroads all over this country. It has 2,200 men in its employ. Being compelled to pay cash for all materials and supplies, also wages, the books show a monthly distribution of $600,000. By reason of the fact that the railroads to whom it sells are unable to pay cash, but must give long time paper which can not easily be discounted, something had to be done in time to prevent a crash that would have thrown all those men out of employment. All the interest out on mortgages is fully up to date and the company has abundant assets to all business obligations.

THEY STAND BY PARNELL.

Further Comment of Irish Newspapers on the Sensational Case.

DUBLIN, Nov. 20.—United Ireland, in discussing the position created by the result of the O'Shea divorce case as Mr. Parnell is affected thereby, says that Ireland's character for morality can but intensify her scorn for the canting hypocrits who think that in publicity is found the essence of sin. Now, the paper says, is the time to repay Mr. Parnell for his great public services by replying to the affected purists and pharisees who would drag him down that we not only have our leader, but that we mean to keep him.

Must Still Remain Leader.

The Irish Catholic thinks that while Mr. Parnell has sinned nearly as much against Ireland as morality, grave political exigencies demand that he be continued as the leader of the Irish National party.

The Freeman's Journal hints that the government is debating a surprise which will be sprung upon the Irish people at the approaching general election.

The Parnell-O'Shea Scandal.

LONDON, Nov. 21.—Another attack was made upon Mr. Parnell Friday by The Pall Mall Gazette. The paper says that some persons will be turned against the cause of Ireland, not so much by the divorce case itself as by the sidelights thrown upon Parnell's trustworthiness. The Gazette controverts Mr. Sexton's statement that the matter of the divorce case has nothing to do with politics by quoting from the letter written by Mrs. O'Shea to Capt. O'Shea, in which that lady accused Healy of publishing the fact of Parnell's presence at Eltham, and concluding with the words: "I was sure their spite would be endless after your Galway success."

Silk Mills Destroyed.

PATERSON, N. J., Nov. 22.—About 8:25 Saturday morning a fire started in the extensive silk mills of Bamford Bros. on Cliff street which burned so fiercely that the mill was soon totally destroyed. The fire communicated to the handsome residences of Joseph and Walter Bamford which adjoined the mills, both of which were also burned to the ground. The loss is placed at $400,000, on which there is an insurance of $300,000.

A Bank Robbed of $5,000.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 21.—Thursday afternoon the safe of the Twenty-Sixth Ward bank was robbed of a package containing $5,000 in small notes. The robbery is supposed to have been done by two men, one of whom entered the bank and engaged the cashier in conversation while another drove up to the bank in a wagon and sent for the clerk, pretending to wish to deposit some money.

Fight with a Gang of Horse Thieves.

WICHITA, Kan., Nov. 22.—Deputy Sheriff Prescher, of Osborne county, after a chase of five days located a gang of horse thieves in the western part of Pratt county, near Cairo. When within 400 yards the posse were seen by the thieves, who opened fire, at the same time mounting their horses. The posse responded with a hot fire killing two, Thomas West and Samuel Thornton.

Caught in the Act.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 21.—Assemblyman Ewing has been arrested on a charge of embezzlement. He is charged with stealing the sum of $6,000 from the Market Street railroad, of which he has been collector for the past sixteen years. He was caught in the act of stealing money from a box from one of the cars. He confessed his guilt.

Murdered a Deputy Marshal.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Nov. 22.—A special from Webster says that Deputy Marshal Samuel Lestrange was shot and instantly killed there Friday by R. E. Burford, whom he tried to arrest for violating the postal laws in sending threatening letters and postal cards through the mails.

Louis Cyr, the Canadian Sampson.

MONTREAL, Nov. 22.—Louis Cyr, the Canadian Sampson, Friday morning broke the world's record for putting up dumb-bells by raising 199 pounds with one hand, shoulder to arm's length above shoulder, twenty-seven times. He also held 103½ pounds at arm's length.

Big Fire at Alton, Ills.

ALTON, Ills., Nov. 22.—Three factories of the Illinois glass works burned here Saturday morning. The loss is at least $100,000. Five hundred persons are thrown out of employment on account of the blaze. The factories will be rebuilt at once.

Pettit Found Guilty.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., Nov. 20.—In the trial of W. F. Pettit, an ex-Methodist minister charged with poisoning his wife the jury returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. Pettit was sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

Another Domestic Tragedy.

CHARLOTTE, Mich., Nov. 20.—Edwin Seabolt, a day laborer, shot his wife early Thursday morning and then committed suicide, The woman is still alive and may recover. Family troubles are probably the cause of the shooting.

Big Blaze at Lapeer, Mich.

LAPEER, Mich., Nov. 20.—The large flour mill and elevator of William Peter at Columbiaville were burned Wednesday night. Loss, $50,000.

WILLIAM III IS DEAD.

The King of Holland Gathered to His Fathers.

THE QUEEN REMAINS TO THE LAST.

After a Reign of Forty Years the King of the Netherlands Is Called by the Hand of Death—A History of His Eventful Career—Confusion in Church Caused by the Rector Denouncing Parnell—Foreign Flashes.

THE HAGUE, Nov. 24.—King William III of Holland died at 6 o'clock Sunday morning. Saturaday evening there was a sudden change for the worse in the king's condition, the symptoms being those of uræmia. The queen was immediately sent for and staid at the patient's bedside during the night. Life ebbed away quietly. Four physicians have made an autopsy on the king's body. The features of the king have not changed. The body lies on a bed and is covered with palms. Court chamberlains are in constant watch. The body will be embalmed and be placed in a coffin on Tuesday. The remains will probably be conveyed to the palace at The Hague, followed by the royal family. Princess Wilhelmina gathered flowers in her own garden Sunday and laid them upon her father's deathbed. The minister of the colonies and the minister of justice have formally announced the death of the king and have prepared a declaration in regard to the manner of government. It is expected that Queen Emma will be proclaimed regent soon, and that she will take the oath at an early date.

The Dead King's Career.

William Alexander Paul Frederic Louis Nassau-Orange reigned forty years, having succeeded his father, William II, March 17, 1849. He was born Feb. 19, 1817, and was the eldest son of King William II, and of Princess Anna Paulowna, daughter of Emperor Paul I of Russia. William was the third ruler of the kingdom of Holland—the monarchy organized at the close of the wars of the French revolution and upon the downfall of Napoleon. Under Napoleon the whole country had been made a part of the French empire. The new monarchy was a very liberal constitutional state, and included, besides its present territories, all that now constitutes the kingdom of Belgium, which, however, seceded and set up for itself in 1830. In the new monarchy a prince of Orange seemed the natural and necessary executive. If the reign of a dissolute sovereign is always a prosperous period in the history of a country the Netherlands had the advantage of this association, for there was a great development of the national resources under William.

His Passion for Music.

One of the pleasantest phases of William's extravagant nature was his passion for music. He equaled Louis of Bavaria as a lover of music, but de had no Wagner. William was twice married. His first wife was Sophia, daughter of the king of Wurtemberg. His two sons by that marriage are both dead. One of them was known in his life mainly as a princely debauchee in Paris, where he was called Citron, Prince Lemon, rather than prince of Frange, by way of sportive variation. In January, 1879, William married Emma Adelaide Wilhelmine Therese, daughter of the prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont. She was then 21. Her daughter and only child, Wilhelmine, was born in 1880. This daughter will succeed to the throne if she lives. Queen Emma took the oath as regent last Thursday.

Can Not Inherit the Duchy.

William was king of the Netherlands and grand duke of Luxemburg, but Luxemburg is not a part of the kingdom, and the association of the two states was personal only. The sovereiguities will be separated now, for Luxemburg is under the Salic law, and though the king's daughter can inherit his kingdom she can not inherit the grand duchy. Dispute as to this inheritance is almost inevitable, and that dispute may threaten the peace of Europe. One of the claimants is the German emperor, who is not likely to neglect his own interests. The obvious heir is a certain colonel of Austrian dragoons, the son of the Duke of Nassau, of what is called the older line of the family, or the line of Walran.

OTHER FOREIGN NEWS.

The Log Book of Columbus.

LONDON, Nov. 24.—The Academy publishes the astounding announcement that the log book kept by Christopher Columbus has been discovered. The hitherto received tradition is that it was lost during the prevalence of a violent storm which occurred during the course of his return voyage from America. It is now alleged, however, that it was recently recovered by a Welsh fisherman while engaged in his occupation of traveling near Tenby. Messrs. Elliott, Stock & Co., the well-known publishers, are now engaged in producing a fac-simile of this manuscript. The reproduction will faithfully represent the present condition of the book, and will give all the appearances which such a volume would have after having been submerged in the ocean for a period of 400 years.

Not in Sympathy with His Audience.

LONDON, Nov. 24.—Mr. Bannin, rector of the Italian church at Hatton Garden, took occasion in his sermon Sunday morning to denounce Parnell. In the midst of his denunciation several of the congregation arose and left the church. Others shouted to the rector "Mind your own business and let politics alone." There was much confusion. While Mr. Bannin was leaving the church after service he was hustled by a crowd around the church, and received several blows. He was finally escorted to his home by policemen.

A Riot at Enniscorthy.

DUBLIN, Nov. 24.—The citizens of Enniscorthy defied the proclamation against meetings in memory of the "Manchester martyrs," and assembled Saturday night with bands and banners to celebrate the anniversary. The police ordered the people to disperse, and on the command being disregarded they charged upon the crowd with drawn batons. The people resisted and attacked the officers with stones and clubs, but the riot was finally quelled and the streets cleared.

The Italian Government Wins.

ROME, Nov. 24.—The elections Sunday resulted in a large majority for the government, which secures four seats in Rome, the fifth being secured by the Irredentist Barsella. All the ministers are re-elected. Prime Minister Crispi is elected in three places—Palermo, Syracuse, and Girgenti. The Socialist Costa is defeated in Bologna.

IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY.

A Louisville Girl Elopes with a Former Sweetheart and Is Married.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 24.—Miss Bettie Hurst left home to have some alterations made in her wedding trousseau. She was to marry Harry Shaler next week, but she met on the street Harry Bridges, an old sweetheart. They made up a former quarrel, and she married him instead. Shaler saw her in a carriage with Bridges when they were on the way to the minister, who made her Mrs. Bridges a few minutes after. He called to her, as he knew she had once been engaged to the man she was with, but she would not answer him, and told the driver to whip up his horses.

Tried to Drown Herself.

When her mother learned the girl and Bridges had been married she became frantic, and tried to drown herself. Mrs. Bridges has the reputation of jilting several lovers after the wedding day had been fixed. One of these, Ed Campbell, took the matter greatly to heart, and is now confined in an asylum at Springfield, Ills. Bridges had been out of the city for several months. Shaler took the matter coolly, and says if Bridges will return the money he (Shaler) spent on his fiancee he can have the girl and welcome.

AUGUST BELMONT DEAD.

The Wealthy New Yorker Passes Away After a Short Illness.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—Mr. August Belmont, the banker, died at an early Monday morning. Mr. Belmont contracted the cold which developed into pneumonia and caused his death while attending the recent horse show. Had he lived until the 8th of next month he would have attained his 74th year. The banking house of August Belmont & Co. was closed Monday morning. On the door was posted the following: "Closed on account of the death of Mr. Belmont." In the office no business was transacted except that of a most pressing nature.

It Was a Bad Jump.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 24.—United States Deputy Marshal Hobert was bringing a prisoner named Fillmore Maxson to this city on the Chicago and Alton midnight train Friday night. Maxson jumped from the train near Springfield Junction while Hobart was playing cards. He was not seen again until Sunday afternoon, when some tramps found him in a ditch where he had fallen unconscious and badly bruised. He had been lying where he fell over thirty hours, and was left there eight hours more, when he was brought to this city and placed in St. John's hospital. He will probably die. He had been indicted at Cairo for perjury in a whisky case and was being brought here for trial.

Roman Cath olics To Be Prosecuted.

BALTIMORE, Md., Nov. 24.—Sunday evening a sacred concert was given at Harris Academy of Music for the benefit of St. James' (Roman Catholic) Home for Boys. Hundreds of tickets were sold and announcement was made Sunday from each Roman Catholic pulpit in this city where tickets could be purchased. As paid entertainments have never been permitted except on rare occasions, the police officials simply notified the managers of this affair that it would be unlawful and that they would present it to the grand jury and make a test case of it.

Concluded to Finish the Job.

ELKTON, Md., Nov. 24.—Dr. Joseph Lort, formerly a practicing physician of this county, and a resident of Lewisville, Pa., for the past twelve years, committed suicide Friday night. Lort had been drinking heavily and was just recovering from a long continued spree. In mistake for some quieting drug he took a dose of carbolic acid, and when he realised his error he took another dose with the remark, "Well, I've fixed myself now, sure." A few minutes later he dropped dead.

Jackson and Goddard Fight.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 24.—Peter Jackson and Joe Goddard fought before the Sydney (Australia) Athletic club Oct. 21. Jackson was to stop Goddard in eight rounds, but failed to do so. The fight was of the hurricane order, the men going at it hammer and tongs from first to last. It was the general opinion that Goddard had for the best of the fight all through, but a disagreement between the judges resulted in the fight being declared a draw. The club has offered £4,000 for a finish fight between the men.

Trying Dr. Koch's Cure.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov 24.—Dr. Fritz Baum, of this city, last Thursday received from Berlin some of Dr. Koch's alleged life-giving virus and inoculated S. T. Austin, of Kansas City, Kan., a man in an advanced stage of consumption who had given up all hope of life. The case is being watched with a great deal of interest by the medical fraternity here. Dr. Baum has received numerous telegrams asking him for treatment and has cabled for more of the lymph.

Small Farmers Will Suffer.

ALMA, Kan., Nov. 24.—The First National bank of this city closed its doors Saturday, and will go into liquidation. The failure was caused by depreciation of mortgages upon which the bank had loaned money. The liabilities are about $20,000, and the assets small. The depositors are mostly small farmers who can ill-afford to lose the money.

Killed During a Hailstorm.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Nov. 24.—Word has been received from Seven Lakes, in the Gallinas mountains, Lincoln county, that four sheep herders were killed recently by a hailstorm. Sixteen others and 1,600 head of sheep are missing. The messenger says that it was the severest hailstorm ever known in the mountains.

Acton Throws Lewis the Strangler.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cala., Nov. 24.—A wrestling match took place here Saturday between Joseph Acton and Evan Lewis for $1,000. The conditions of the match were that Lewis was obliged to throw his opponent twice in an hour while Acton won if he gained a fall. Acton won.

Gould and the Union Pacific.

BOSTON, Nov. 24.—Mr. Fred L. Ames, in an interview with The Boston Herald, says Mr. Gould has purchased Union Pacific quite freely while the stock has been low, but that he has not acquired a controlling interest.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The volcanoes of Washington are so active that around O'Oanogan and Lake Cheban, east of the Cascades, is a region of changing level and almost continuous earthquakes.

An advertisement has been running in a Bristol, Eng., paper for the last year offering $50 reward for any well authenticated case of a child being carried away by an eagle, no matter in what country.

A New York surgeon has supplied a patient with an artificial larynx and vocal apparatus.

The Detroit news figures up the campaign expenses of that city during the last election to amount to $37,200.

Kate Riordan, the woman who shot the Rev. J. F. Bright, M. A., master of University college, Oxford, England, has been convicted and sentenced to six years' imprisonment.

A prominent farmer at Lafayette, Ore., claimed an offset of $360 against his assessment on account of indebtedness. Investigation showed that he owed the amount sure enough, but it was for back taxes which he had refused to pay.

A gentleman lost his watch at a race course in Washington City the other day and a detective was sent for. The officer made a tour of the crowd and in fifteen minutes had captured the thief and recovered the watch.

There are 55,000 Masons in Georgia, which has a larger proportion of Masons in its population than any other state in the Union. At a recent meeting of the grand lodge thirty new charters were granted.

A miser who died without heirs at Lima, Ohio, a few days ago left a fortune of $50,000.

The French engineer Renault has made a report to the minister of works in favor of a bridge across the English channel.

The steamer Kansas, of the Warren line, sailed from Liverpool on Nov. 1 for Boston, and has not since been sighted. She has 120 steerage passengers on board.

Miss Elena Porter, daughter of Admiral Porter, has for ten years been engaged to Capt. C. H. Campbell, and in all that time the faithful lover has never entered the door of the Porter mansion. Miss Porter's parents are now relenting, and the trousseau is being made.

Eighty citizens of Shelby county, Iowa, have petitioned the state board of health to investigate a case of supposed leprosy. John Goldsmith is said to be the victim.

The official majority of Warwick over McKinley in the Sixteenth Ohio district is 302.

John Kimmel, a young boy, stabbed Lou Turney, a Frenchman, at West Point, Ill., Monday night. It is feared Turney will die.

The department of state at Washington has received information that Moussa Bey, who has been persecuting American missionaries in Turkey, has been banished to the interior of Arabia.

A $5 gold nugget was picked up from the gravel with which a street in Ione, Cal., is graded the other day.

A Calusa county, Cal., man drove 28,000 sheep across the land of a neighbor the other day and now he has been sued for $3,800 damages for trespassing.

Thomas Baring denied at New York Tuesday the statements that the house of Baring Bros. was about to go into liquidation.

The song birds brought from Germany and turned loose in Oregon last year have prospered, and a large number of insectiverous song birds will be imported.

Whenever the New York Sixty-ninth regiment parades every member of its band of sixty-five pieces receives $6 excepting the leader, who gets $12. The drum major has $9.

Two disreputable women of Dayton, Ohio, Maggie and Lillie Moore, were arrested Tuesday for piling wood on the Panhandle railroad track with the intent of wrecking a passenger train. They have confessed.

The Wyoming legislature elected their second United States senator Tuesday, the fortunate candidate being Governor Francis E. Warren.

Rube Smith, the train robber convicted of mail robbery when he, Burrows, and Jackson held up the train at Buckatunna, was Tuesday sentenced by Judge Hill, of Jackson, Miss., to imprisonment for life in the Columbus, Ohio, penitentiary.

The plurality of Boyd, Democrat, for governor of Nebraska is 144, the Republicans electing the rest of the state ticket. The Independents control the legislature.

On the first ballot Tuesday the Georgia legislature elected Gen. Gordon United States senator.

Fire destroyed a large sugar refinery on the Ponte Palms plantation at Houma, La., Tuesday. The loss is estimated at $90,000, with an insurance of $50,000.

Senator H. B. Payne, of Ohio, who has been suffering from a cold for the last few days, has quite recovered his health.

Professor Holden, of the Lick observatory, is said to have discovered on the moon parallel walls 200 feet thick on top and about 1,200 feet apart.

President Stearns of the Cherokee Strip Live Stock association says the strip will be vacated Dec. 1 in accordance with the agreement made with the government.

Suit was begun Tuesday at Greenville, Ohio, by Archbishop W. H. Eldex for the removal from the Catholic cemetery at Frenchtown, Darke county, of the remains of Jennie McHenry, a non-communicant of the Catholic church.

W. J. Gilbert, of Middletown, Conn., obtained a divorce from his wife Monday and an hour later had married another woman.

At a meeting Wednesday in Cleveland Nickel Plate railway managers decided to advance the wages of conductors, baggagemen, and brakemen. The engineers' application for an advance is still pending.

The Chicago Tin Plate company, with a capital of $250,000, secured a corporation license Wednesday at Springfield.

The new German-American National bank, of Aurora, Ills., opened its doors for business Wednesday. Aurora now has five national banks.

A dividend of 6 per cent. on its preferred stock, payable in preferred stock, was declared Wednesday by the Chicago and Eastern Illinois road.

The W. C. T. U., of which Miss Willard is president, will hold its next national convention at Boston.

J. Stanley Brown succeeds O. D. Ludlow as private secretary to Secretary Rusk, of the department of agriculture. Mr. Brown, whose wife was Miss Garfield, lately returned from a summer's tour of duty, in California.

William Patterson, formerly postmaster at Red Lodge, Mont., has been indicted on a charge of setting fire to the postoffice. Stamps worth $1,000 were supposed to have been burned, but it is believed that Patterson took them.

A large hotel has just been built in Hamburg "entirely of blocks of compressed wood as hard as iron, and by subjection to certain chemical processes, rendered proof against both fire and the attacks of insects."

The new law of France which compels theological students to serve in the army has been put in force. A batch of eighty-seven young seminarists of the Order of St. Lazarus recently left Paris to serve as soldiers.

When a child David Mohry, a farmer of Lehigh county, Pa., now 70 years of age, got a cherry stone in his ear, and all attempts to remove it were unsuccessful until the present week.

The Turkish authorities have tortured to death four prisoners suspected of the murder of the Greek pope in Macedonia.

Pitts H. Burt, a Cincinnati broker, failed Wednesday for $40,000.

An epidemic of suicides prevails in Paris. The average in October was six a day, and one day the terrible record was eighteen.

The last sugar crop of Cuba amounted to 645,849 tons.

A resident of Colerain, Pa., says he was turned out of house and home by his wife because he didn't vote to please her.

A committee was appointed by the Iowa state board of health Thursday to investigate an alleged case of leprosy in Storey county.

John F. Blake, mayor of Canton, Ohio, a leading miller, made an assignment Thursday. His liabilities are $50,000.

The official majority of the head of the Democratic state ticket in Missouri is 61,718.

An ice company at Dallas, Tex., proposes to manufacture 150 tons daily.

When the Vienna mail train reached Kutno Thursday it was discovered that two of the passengers had been murdered and robbed.

A factory for extracting the juice of palmetto berries has been established at New Smyrna, Fla.

Pearl fishing is still carried on in the river Tay, in England, and some valuable jewels have lately been found.

From reliable data the Oregon weather bureau estimates the following average yield for the state: Wheat, twenty-six bushels per acre; oats, forty-two bushels; barley, thirty-eight bushels; rye, twenty-eight bushels.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fisher, an actress, and an aunt of Joseph Jefferson, died at New York Thursday, aged 80 years. She supported Edwin Forrest as Pauline in the first production in this country of "The Lady of Lyons."

The flour output at Minneapolis last week was next to the largest on record—185,050 barrels.

An orange tree in Polk county, Fla., is seven feet in circumference, and has yielded from twenty-five to fifty boxes of fruit yearly since 1856.

Lieut. Frank L. McNair, of Kirkville, Iowa, committed suicide Thursday while temporarily insane.

Mrs. Maria Wonseley, of Racine county, Wis., was gored by a mad bull Wednesday and dangerously hurt.

A severe frost prevails in St. Petersburg. Heavy snow has fallen and the River Neva is full of drift ice. Many of the rivers in the interior of the country are frozen.

At the sale of horses owned by ex-Congressman Scott at New York, Thursday, Bolero, a 2-year old, was sold to Philip Dwyer for $35,000.

The regular quarterly dividend of 1¼ per cent. was declared Thursday by the C., B. and Q directors.

William Peters' flour mill and elevator at Columbiaville, Mich., was burned Wednesday night, entailing a loss of $50,000.

William Meelers, employed in the Empire Cordage company's mills at Thomasboro, Ills., was fatally injured Thursday, having been caught in the machinery.

A sister-in-law of one of the best known and distinguished members of parliament keeps a fashionable lodging house in London, where in the season a majority of the patrons are Americans.

Max Weisse sued W. H. Post of Fond du Lac, Wis., to recover $16,000 damages. Post sold the boy a revolver and soon after the latter shot himself. The jury awarded $900.

George Hammer, of Modale, Iowa, husked 160 bushels of corn in nine and a half hours.

Thomas O'Leary, a switchman who lost his life in the Santa Fe yards at Fort Madison, Iowa, Tuesday night, was a nephew of the famous Mrs. O'Leary of Chicago, whose cow kicked over the lamp Oct. 9, 1871, and caused the great Chicago fire.

Six hundred and fifty cokers at Fricks' mammoth plant, Scottdale, Pa., have struck because of the one-third shut down plan.

Friday night Conductor W. L. Powell, of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton road, fell under his train and was cut to pieces near Lima, Ohio. He leaves a wife and child.

John Lundburg, proprietor of the Union hotel, Milbank, Minn., was found dead in bed at Minneapolis, Minn. He had blown out the gas.

Safe robbers at Mansfield, Ills., Thursday night secured $2,000 worth of notes from the store of M. H. Kingore.

In a drunken row at Eagle Rock, Idaho, Thursday night Jasper Yarber completely tramped the right eye out of John Bayliss, an old citizen.

Cook & Knoppf are boring a well at Graymont, Ills. At a depth of ninety-five feet they struck a coal vein forty-two inches thick.

Henry B. Barnes, whose death occurred Nov. 18 at his home near the village of Sannemin, Ills., was 87 years old. He had lived in Illinois since 1834.

W. B. Mallette, of the Jacksonville and Southeastern railroad office, Jacksonville, Ills., has received word of the death of an uncle in England whereby he is made heir to a fortune of $75,000.

Work on the Bee Line railroad will probably be commenced next spring. The proposed line will run from Fond du Lac to West Superior, Wis. A number of Boston capitalists are interested in the project.

Anthrax, a contagious and invariably fatal disease, has broken out among cattle owned by farmers along Cedar Creek, Ozaukee county, Wis.

Snow fell at Utica, N. Y., Saturday, to the depth of about eight inches; also at other points in New York.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 29 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Boston Howard Athenæum Co.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"The City Directory."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Richard Mansfield.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—DeWolf Hopper Comic Opera Co.

THE AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—"Babes in the Woods."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"The Clemenceau Case."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"An Irishman's Love."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"Corinne."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—"Alvin Joslyn."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE MANCHESTER HOLOCAUST.

The twenty-third anniversary of the Manchester martyrdom has been dutifully and appropriately celebrated by the Irish Nationalists of New York and Chicago. In the Empire city a large and impressive demonstration was held at the Cooper Union, while here in Chicago an equally imposing and patriotic gathering took place under the presidency of Mr. Keane. In Ireland, where Mr. Balfour's bludgeonmen still prevail, every manifestation of public opinion in honor of the memory of the glorious Three was crushed by force; but the people of Ireland cherish no less on that account the sacred recollection of the sacrifice made in their name and cause one bleak November day, twenty-five years ago. The Irish race all the world over are on every recurring anniversary of the holocaust knit, so to speak, in spirit around the nameless graves that lie hidden away in the courtyard of a dungeon in Manchester. Ghastly though the surroundings be, the Irish heart venerates the very dust in which these champions of Irish liberty repose; for it is dust consecrated by martyrdom, and hallowed by glory.

Annual demonstrations such as these are as the very salt of Irish nationality. They keep alive the old spirit and the old fire without which any movement for Ireland's welfare would become a putrid carcass, repugnant alike in the sight of God and man. They are vital essential proofs of our never failing manhood, as well as of our resolve to cling through weal and woe to the principles in defense of which Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien died on the scaffold. They are the annually recurring answers—couched in no uncertain language, and ringing with a true trumpet peal—to the knaves and charlatans who deny the right of liberty to the Irish people. They are, above all and beyond all, conclusive endorsements of the theory that Irish nationality flourishes all the more when its roots are bedewed with the blood of its champions and confessors. The English government, which held the reins in Downing street in 1867, and through whose machinations a sentence of judicial murder was passed on these men, imagined that by branding them as criminals, and stringing them up to the gallows tree, it was dealing a deadly blow at the cause of Irish national independence. The English rabble rout, the sweepings of Manchester's slums, the rag tag and bob tail of Britain's vaunted civilization, the hating, howling, hideous, bloodthirsty crowd who gathered around the scaffold on that November morning twenty-three years ago, cheered long and lustily while the sacrifice of three lives was being consummated, because forsooth they fancied that the suppression of these heroes meant the suppression of Irish nationality. In their gibbering and inhuman extacy, they forgot that the island from which these martyrs came had had already hundreds of others on her glorious bead-roll, and would, if necessary, produce as many more to follow in such hallowed footsteps. These Saxon dolts might well remember now what they then forgot—that persecution of even the most revolting kind, far from damping the Irish spirit, braces it up more and more, and arouses all its latent energy in its crusade against oppression.

The Manchester martyrdom has done more than any event in recent years to spread the creed, and foster the elements of Irish nationality. It has added another to the many examples in Irish history of Irish faith and Irish heroism. The cry of "God Save Ireland," that rang from the felon's dock, was taken up responsively by every Irish heart, until it became as popular with the scattered Celt as the "Marseillaise" is with the Gaul or the "Watch on the Rhine" with the Teuton. More particularly does the Manchester martyrdom exemplify the historic truth of the axiom that self-sacrifice is a quality which is essential to every people rightly struggling to be free. Without that characteristic in its champions, any oppressed nationality has as little chance of gaining its liberty as Lucifer has of regaining Paradise. And even, if by any freak of nature, freedom should come without being paid for, it would not be worth the having. The soldiers of Washington, the men of modern Greece, and the sturdy burghers of Flanders had to strike many a blow, and suffer many losses before they set foot in the Promised Land and signed the charters of their independence; and it would be puerile to suppose that without some such sacrifices any country—no matter how legitimate in the abstract may be its claims to a separate existence—could hope to win its freedom, or having won it, could hope to retain it. The cross has ever been, and shall ever be the necessary and inevitable precursor of the crown. He, who seeks to climb the Alpine heights, must have to face the blinding snow and tread the dangerous precipices. Many an Eden on this earth can only be reached by thorny paths, and perilous passages.

If the Irish people take these lessons well to heart, and practice the principles they inculcate, there is very little fear of their being induced to merge their individuality in that of the despots who rule them. A healthy, invigorating spirit would pervade the masses. Without such a spirit a plague would sap the national creed as phylloxera saps the root of the vine. Such an eventuality, however, can never be anticipated so long as Irishmen adhere to the doctrines for which the Manchester martyrs gave up the goods of this world, and laid down their precious lives. It is, therefore, not without satisfaction that THE CITIZEN chronicles the ever-growing importance of these annual demonstrations in honor of the dead. Year after year deeper and deeper is the veneration that is paid to their memories, and, as a natural consequence, firmer and firmer will grow the faith in the justice and righteousness of the cause which they represented. The scaffold from which they were hurled into eternity, will be as a pillar of fire guiding us on from the Sahara of to-day to the El Dorado of to-morrow. As one of our Irish poets put it:

"Oh Scaffold! thy steps are a staircase grand
To the Holy of Holies of martyrdom—
A Sinai mount where our Queen will stand
Transfigured and brave through the days to come!
Thy beams were our pillars of hope and faith,
And, though through the trap of the ghastly door
We saw but the skeleton face of death,
We knew there was life on thy fatal floor!
For that floor was a wondrous mystic plain
Where each hero's blood was the fruitful seed,
Nurtured and wrought into golden grain
By the radiant rays of each noble deed."

The Manchester Holocaust will be an incentive to every Irishman of the true type to battle for the gospel on behalf of which it was effected. The "dead who died for Ireland" in Manchester in 1867, have certainly not died in vain.

THE ENVOYS FROM IRELAND.

The Irish delegates held two demonstrations this week—one in Cleveland and the other in Cincinnati, in both of which cities receptions took place, and contributions were received. They are expected to arrive on Saturday in Chicago, where a committee has been already organized to tender them a welcome on their arrival. The demonstration, at which the envoys are to speak, will be held on the evening of the same day at Battery D. They do not purpose leaving till the following Monday, when they will recommence their journey westward towards the "Golden Gate."

"MR. CROWLEY," ET. AL.

When the Board of Commissioners of Central Park, New York, named one of its apes "Mr. Crowley," the Irish people of that city laughed at the comical notion and took as kindly to it as the rest of the population. By degrees Mr. Crowley's anthropoid companions in the park menegerie had Hibernian names bestowed upon them also, and on Sundays the Murphys and Gradys and O'Reillys, out for a day's pleasuring in the park, laughed consumedly at the antics of their ugly namesakes in the cages. The vaunted Irish quickness was somehow at fault; the Crowleys and the Murphys were as slow to detect the insult offered them and through them their race, as any of those whose patronymics had been left unappropriated. No protest was raised and the humorous park board went on with its merry christenings until its baboon enclosure promised to be more Irish than Ireland itself. They were emboldened even to extend their name-calling to the inmates of the other menagerie cages. But lately something has happened, the commissioners have gone a little too far, it appears, for one man's stomach has revolted and he has written to Mayor Grant about the matter. The aggrieved gentleman's letter runs:

"As an Irish American citizen I object to the designation of animals in the Central Park menagerie by Irish names, and would respectfully ask you to stop this outrageous custom at once, and, if possible, punish the originators."

But in view of the complacency with which the entire Irish population of New York has received the park gentlemen's merry conceit, it is very probable the mayor will not feel called upon to do anything in the matter.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S "SPEECH."

The ghost dance of the Indians is a spectacle well worth seeing, and well worth going hundreds of miles to see; but in stage effect the opening of the British parliament puts the wild gyrations of the frontier savages in the shade. The yard of Westminster Hall was on Tuesday crowded with lacquies, dressed in garments gleaming with all the colors of the rainbow. Footmen in purple plushes, the liveried servants of parliament, and the entire squad of official whipper-snappers were gathered together under the command of the Gentleman Usher—a magnifico, crowned with a cocked hat, arrayed in a scarlet uniform, and fully equipped otherwise, just as if he were meditating a fell swoop on the fiendish enemies of England and St. George. Marshalling his forces in order, and having seen them provided with lanterns, he conducted them cautiously down the stone steps that led to the dark, cold vaults lying underneath the floor of the big talking shop of Westminster. A stranger might ask in wonder the object of all such silly fanfarronade on the part of this ostrich usher and his peacock knights? Surely, these doughty warriors did not expect to find a Russian general and a Fenian Centre hobnobbing together in this mysterious grotto, and arranging a plot to blow the parliamentary rookery sky high. Officials will tell the inquisitive stranger that they are in search of some such terrorists; and that ever since the days of Guy Fawkes the lower halls and cellars of the house of lords and the house of commons are invariably scoured for gunpowder or such other explosives at the opening of each session of parliament.

At the conclusion of this part of the programme, lords and commoners were summoned together by a venerable oddity, who is dubbed the "Black Rod," and were treated to that literary though generally ungrammatical performance known as the "Queen's Speech." Now everybody is fully aware that the little old lady, who is the figurehead of the British monarchy, has no more to do with the writing of this speech than Mrs. Malaprop or the King of the Sandwich Islands. The prime minister of the day writes out the pronunciamento which is sometimes read by the ancient sovereign herself, but oftener by a special commissioner. On last Tuesday, to Salisbury's great mortification, the British Queen did not condescend to dazzle the crowd of flunkies and time servers of the house with the lustre and the glory of her royal presence.

In one of the opening passages of the so called speech, her Majesty, we are told, views with pleasure the general condition Ireland which has sensibly improved under the operation of recent salutary legislation. There was an old adage, born of the crawling superstition of the Middle Ages, to the effect that a king could never sin. Now, it seems that a queen can never lie. Yet with all due deference to the proprieties of language THE CITIZEN cannot discover any other word capable of expressing so well and accurately its opinion of such an assertion of her "Majesty." How, we ask, has the general condition of Ireland improved? Is continued and ever-increasing emigration from the land a proof of its improvement? Are periodical famines signs of the country's amelioration? Is the spectacle of thousands of evicted families throughout the island convincing evidence that Ireland under British rule is on the high road to peace and prosperity? Then, with regard to the operation of recent salutary legislation, which is given as the cause of this sensible improvement, THE CITIZEN fails to find out when these salutary laws were passed, and where they are in operation. On the whole, for brazen-faced audacity in lying the Queen's spokesman has shown himself absolutely unrivalled.

Tacked on to this stupendous falsehood is a half-hearted admission that the condition of Ireland is not of a quiet, roseate character. With a cool and cynical inconsistency, the speech goes on to say that the serious deficiency of the potato crop in certain sections of the country threatens a recurrence of periods of severe distress. The sophistry used in explaining away this distress is worthy of the ablest casuist. The people of Western Ireland, it adds, are peculiarly exposed to such privations by reason of the industrial, geographical, and economic conditions under which they live. Presto! Here is the key after all to a much vexed problem. The ministerial scribe who does the queen's writing and thinking, has at last revealed to the world the astonishing fact that geography and climate have everything to do with the sad condition of the inhabitants of Connaught! That condition is not, then, due to the neglect of the people's interests by a government whose duty it is to protect them, or to any want of forthcoming capital from the British exchequer to develop the industries of those distressed districts. Casuistry such as this needs no refutation.

The "speech" winds up with its customary promises of relief to the Irish. "Speeches" from the British throne have been making similar promises to that unfortunate people for the past ninety years, and with the same heart-rending, results—emigration, starvation, eviction, and coercion. The Irish race of today would indeed have reached the climax of gullibility if they put any trust whatsoever in the glozing live-horse-and-you'll-get-grass grandiloquence of a queen's "speech." The lollipops of Mrs. Guelph and her admirers are not for the mere Irish—there are too many canny Sandies, and German princelings about to pick up the toys and crumbs that fall from the royal table. In any case, even if Victoria showered her gold on the island, and the coins of the British treasury were expended in enriching the land, the Irish people would not on that account give up the dream and ambition of centuries. A mess of pottage is very well in its way, but the birthright of liberty cannot be sacrificed for any amount of messes.

In conclusion, it need only be added that the less confidence placed by the Irish people in that "mother of dead dogs," who squats on the banks of the Thames, the better for them, and the better for Ireland. The Westminster parliament has been, up till lately, the hunting ground for scores of Irish Judases, who sold their country for pieces of silver. It has been such a miasma of political filth and corruption, so far as Ireland is concerned, that its very name should stink in the nostrils of every honest Irish Nationalist.

GERMANY AND ENGLAND IN EAST AFRICA.

It would be hardly possible to conceive of anything more humiliating to a spirited Englishman than the abject way in which his nation has crouched to Germany in the matter of East African domination. Every Englishman who writes about East Africa has nothing but complaints to make about England's truckling attitude toward Germany. The latter nation has seized, in East Africa, a country more than twice as large as the German empire without hardly saying "By your leave" to the cowardly Britishers who intended to seize every square yard of the territory now in the possession of the Germans. Had Portugal, Spain, or any other weak power attempted to do as Germany has done in Africa, England would have gone to war with it; but Germany is a strong nation, consequently England allows her to have her own way.

It may be said that Germany or any other power had as good a right to seize East Africa as England had. This is not so. England had more right to seize on territories in that part of the world than either Germany or any other power had. It was almost entirely by British subjects, or by men under British authority, that those vast regions around the head waters of the Nile and around the African great lakes, were explored. It is acknowledged that discovery or exploration gives a nation a claim on new countries. It must be admitted that almost every square league of the enormous territory that Germany has lately seized in East Africa was explored—it might be said was discovered—by British subjects long before Stanley set foot on the Dark Continent. Stanley's discoveries were almost entirely in the valley of the Congo; that is not where Germany has planted herself, but to the east of it in places where Livingstone, Speke, Grant, Baker, Johnstone and other British subjects had been located and exploring years before any German traveller or missionary had set his foot in those parts. But now England surrenders all, and Germany has quietly squatted on the territories that, according to usage and international law, belong solely to England.

English publications and Englishmen in general are everlastingly prating about "British pluck." England's "pluck" is the pluck of a bully and a coward. She tries to bully poor, powerless Portugal in the most shameless manner. Only the other day she forced her way up a river guarded by Portuguese gunboats, where she had no right whatever to go, and sank one of them. Had Germany or France, or any other powerful nation been in the place of Portugal, not the least violence would have been offered. England's truckling to Germany in East Africa is one of the most disgraceful things that has ever happened to the former country, and one that has called forth more protests from Englishmen than any political matter that has occurred for ages. Outsiders would never have known England's cowardice in East Africa were it not for some of her own writers. There were hundreds of Englishmen ready to embark in vast colonization schemes in East Africa; there was a particular part of it which, although situated in the tropics, possessed a mild climate and fruitful soil. It was mostly high table-land, and had the highest mountains on the whole African continent. It was about the only part of tropical Africa in which men might expect to live and flourish. It had been explored many years ago by English travelers and missionaries, and was only waiting for English capital to transform it into one of the most important of British possessions. But Germany laid covetous eyes on the rich country, and proceeded at once to seize it. England had to submit or fight; but as England does not like fighting with strong nations, she simply—to use an Irish phrase, "said ne'er a word," and like the big bully and coward that she is, quailed before a nation as strong as herself.

Some time ago a writer in the *Fortnightly Review* said, "It is painful to read the anguish of the letters and telegrams of our faithful pro consul, Sir John Kirk, in East Central Africa, as to the doings of the Germans. To yield up to Germany all that British diplomacy, Brotish traders, British explorers and British missionaries had gained, is something terrible." Sir John and many another Englishman may howl, but nothing can drive England to a fight unless with some nation like Portugal.

A FEW flunkeys having kotowed to him here and there throughout the country during his recent visit, Mr. Arthur James Balfour fancies himself the most popular man in Ireland. Hallucination such as this could no further go—particularly when it is remembered that even a Castle clergyman once told the chief secretary that he was the most detested public official within the four seas of Erin. "Why," continued the reverend worthy, "if Satan himself were only half as much hated as you are, my occupation would be gone."

MR. BALFOUR has promised the millenium to the Irish people. They should feel thankful even for promises from such a quarter.

THE danger of Trojans having anything to do with a Greek horse, which is supposed to be laden with presents, was again exemplified lately in Killala, where in hopes of favours to come some wretched toadies went down on their marrow bones in worship of a slewdering official.

CURS are quadrupeds that lick the hand which smites them. There are bipeds of the same breed, too, in the particular animal species that is supposed to be a grade or two higher than the canine.

THE English government have been promising for the past few years the impoverished peasants of the South and West of Ireland a few loaves and fishes in the shape of railroad constructions. Acts of parliament for such constructions were passed three months ago, and yet not a single sod of earth has been turned in these distressed districts. It is a rehash over again of the legendary tale of the mountain and the mouse.

THE British government is continuing to ride roughshod over the Irish people at home, in its usual bloodthirsty fashion. To honor the dead in Ireland is in its eyes an act of the rankest treason. The young men of Enniscorthy were bludgeoned by peelers for attempting to hold a demonstration commemorative of the martyrdom of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, while some forty Nationalists in Belfast were put under lock and key for a similar "offense." The Draconian code of the Castle is evidently working as actively as ever. Balfour and his imps are still fiendishly enjoying themselves in the political pandemonium beyond the seas.

SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY is the latest recruit of the Irish Parliamentary party. Unlike many Irish barristers in political life Sir John, from being a rabid Tory has blossomed into a full blown Home Ruler. Keogh, Dowse and hosts of other Irish periwigged lawyers made patriotism a stepping-stone to the judicial bench. The Cork baronet stepped down from a colonial governorship in order to take his place among the rank and file of Mr. Parnell's followers. Examples of self-abnegation such as this are of too rare an occurrence to be passed over without note or comment.

IT is not generally known that M. Alphonse Humbert, at present one of the leading journalists in Paris, is a grand nephew of General Humbert, of Killala fame. True to the character and traditions of his illustrious ancestor, M. Humbert is an ardent champion of the cause of Irish liberty. He was for several years a member of the Paris Municipal Council, and is now preparing to run for parliamentary honors. THE CITIZEN wishes M. Humbert every success in his laudable ambition to fill a seat in the Chambre des Deputes.

NASHVILLE IRISHMEN.

[*Nashville American.*]

The Parnell branch of the Irish National League of America held its regular meeting on the afternoon of Sunday, Nov. 23, at Simmons Hall, on Union street, with a large attendance of members. A communication from John P Sutton, secretary of the Irish National League of America, was read. The branch agreed as to the Irish delegates now in this country, that the branch do not extend an invitation to them to visit Nashville, but to leave the inviting of the delegates to the Irish citizens and citizens in general. The members unanimously agreed, however, that, as true and loyal members of the league and of the Irish cause, they will give every support within their power as citizens to make their lecture here a success financially.

Dr. James M. Coyle made a motion that the branch has full confidence in Charles Stewart Parnell, as a leader of the Irish parliamentary party in Ireland, and that a resolution be sent to Parnell to that effect.

Mr. Phillip Olwell seconded Dr. Coyle's motion and it was carried.

Dr. Coyle handled O'Shea in the most cutting manner. No other business being up, the meeting adjourned until the second Sunday in December.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

PIGOTT AND HIS PATRONS.

Unionism and Crime—How Dynamite Plots Were Arranged.

Startling Revelations.

[*From Davitt's Labor World.*]

We broke off the story of the doings of James McDermott in our last issue with the publication of a letter which Mr. Davitt had addressed to the spy, making a last appeal to him to fulfil the promise made at the interview on the 31st of May. The appeal fell upon deaf ears.

We have every reason to believe that McDermott had interviews with leading government officials during the time he spent in England, between the interview of the 31st of May and the date of the letter referred to. He was seen more than once in the company of Inspector Littlechild, of Scotland Yard. He went from London to Cowes, while Mr. Matthews was staying there, and, though we will not vouch for the accuracy of the statement, it was reported to the writer that the spy had had an interview with the home secretary. It is only right, however, to say that a certain baronet with whom McDermott has been on terms of the closest intimacy, was at Cowes at the same time, and it is possible that McDermott's visit was to him, and not to Mr. Matthews. Be that as it may, the spy, who, in the interview with Mr. Davitt, expressed himself anxious to make some reparation to the men who had been sent to penal servitude by his agency, went back upon his promise and resolution after the meetings with Scotland Yard officials, and persons connected with the secret service.

He replied to the letter which Mr. Davitt addressed to him as follows:

SEPTEMBER 13, 189'.—SIR: The tone and character of your letter of the 7th inst., addressed to me, precludes the possibility of my seeing or having further communication with you.

When you produce the "information" you "now" have, and "tell the public of the United Kingdom and of America what you know and think of Jim McDermott," I shall meet you on your own ground.

In the meantime, and always, I hold yourself and your threats in the sublimest contempt.

To Michael Davitt.

The bullying tone of this letter is Jim McDermott all over. In an interview which he gave to the London correspondent of the New York *Sun*, on the eve of the appearance of the *Labor World*, he said, anticipating the revelations which were coming, "I have the government and the police behind me, and care not what my enemies may say or do" There can be no doubt but that McDermott has a powerful influence behind him. This influence cannot be exercised in his behalf from love of the man, or from appreciation of the work he has done in past years in the secret service. We question whether his villainous doings in Cork and Liverpool and London, and attempted outrages in Montreal, would be defended or even palliated by a single member of any government, Tory or Liberal, and not a word has been said or implied by the writer of these articles, so far, that could convey any such imputation upon any responsible minister. It is beyond dispute, however, that McDermott and others have been employed, both on this side of the Atlantic and in America and Canada, by the chiefs of the secret service of the home office, and by the British consulate in New York, to organize dynamite and other plots, with secret service money, for the purpose of maturing supposed dynamite conspiracies, and capturing those suspected of being engaged therein.

It has been proved in these columns—and we challenge investigation of the facts—that McDermott gave money to Featherstone and Deasy in Cork with which to purchase nitro glycerine for the manufacture of dynamite; that he gave a recipe for the making of explosives to his victims, sent one of them with the nitro glycerine and recipe to Liverpool, and had him arrested with both in his possession. We have stated, and we challenge investigation, that McDermott played the same trick in London with O'Connor, alias Dalton, who was also arrested and sent to penal servitude along with Featherstone, Deasy, and Flanagan, who were tried in Liverpool for complicity in the conspiracy in Cork, of which McDermott was the beginning and the end. It was McDermott, in pursuit of the same villainous game, and by means of secret service funds, who with Lynch, alias Norman, an ex Pinkerton agent, employed Whitehead to manufacture dynamite in Birmingham, and who placed a quantity of it in Wilson's room, in 17 Nelson Square, Blackfriars road, London, and had Dr. Gallagher and Wilson arrested, while the former was paying a visit to Wilson, at Wilson's lodgings. In all this work McDermott was the agent of Mr. George Jenkinson, then of Dublin Castle. He was the agent whom Sir Edward Archibald had sent across from New York to Mr. Jenkinson to be employed in the secret service within the United Kingdom.

Now, we repeat again all we have said when detailing these facts in previous issues of our paper. We say that it is the duty of a government to appoint agents to watch the movements and to thwart the designs of men who are known to be engaged in plots or plans, having for their object the injury of such government. But we assert that it is not only indefensible, it is infamous, and unworthy the reputation of any government calling itself constitutional, to have acts like those of McDermott perpetrated by its agents.

Mr. Davitt, in a letter which he wrote to McDermott on Sept. 7, said:

The people of England will insist on the release of your victims when they are convinced that, with the aid of the secret service funds, you enticed these men into dynamite plots.

We believe the public opinion of Great Britain will indorse this sentiment. The men whom McDermott ensnared were guilty only through the agency of those who put dynamite into their hands, or supplied them with the money with which to purchase it. Guilty of disloyal feeling towards English rule in Ireland, they undoubtedly were. It would be folly to uphold the contrary. But that is not the

crime for which they were tried. They were not sent into penal servitude because they were suspected of harboring treasonable designs against the state. What they were actually guilty of was being dupes of an unscrupulous scoundrel, who, in order to obtain the money of the secret service for the "discovery," and the frustration of dynamite conspiracies, organized these conspiracies himself, purchased the necessary dynamite, and, working upon the simplicity of misguided men, made them the instruments of his mercenary designs. We say these men have been more than sufficiently punished for whatever disloyalty they may have harbored against England. Seven years of penal servitude have been undergone by Timothy Featherstone, Patrick Flanegan, Henry O'Connor, Henry Hammond Wilson, and Thomas Gallagher. Dennis Deasy is beyond the clemency of the crown. He died in prison.

We say in the name of all that is just and fair, nay, in the name of the law itself, let these living victims of McDermott be restored to liberty. We appeal to the home secretary in this matter. We ask him to investigate our statements. We beg of him to institute an inquiry into the acts of McDermott from the time he was enlisted in secret service pay by Sir Edward Archibald, in New York, in October, 1883, down to his mock arrest in Liverpool. We believe firmly that the result of such an investigation will be to establish as true every one of the facts we have stated in these revelations about Jim McDermott, and we are fully confident that such an inquiry will result in the release of these men.

Before we part company, for the present, at least, with James McDermott, who, we understand, is at this moment in London, the following letter addressed by him to an ex Scotland Yard official, will throw some light upon his society associations in this country, and the sources whence he derives his money:

JUNE 19, 1890.—DEAR CAPTAIN: I only got yours of the 7th this morning. My friend, Sir Charles, has been from home, and even if he had not been he did not know my whereabouts till a few days since. It was her ladyship who sent me your letter. Now, in reference to the request you make, I could not possibly have acceded to it, even had I received your letter at once. I am advised by my solicitors that in view of possible, but at present not probable, legal contingencies arising out of the position of my late wife's estate, it would be better for me to appear, if not actually a pauper, at least a dependent upon certain of my friends in England; and things have been arranged accordingly. Consequently, I have no banking account or income of any kind, and the money for my immediate and indispensable wants is supplied to me from time to time. Otherwise, my dear fellow, I should be most happy to oblige you. I shan't be poor very long, I hope.

It is needless to say who 'my friends in England" are. We assert they are officials of the secret service of the home office. McDermott's talk about his "late wife's estate" is in keeping with his boasts in 1885 that he had "married a French countess." All this was with the object of concealing from his fashionable associates and his Scotland Yard friends, the source whence he derived his means of living in and flitting from the various capitals of Europe. And here it may be right to observe that Scotland Yard has not been, so far as the writer of these papers is able to ascertain, identified in any way with the manufacture of bogus dynamite plots. These have been the work exclusively of agents of the secret service of the stamp of McDermott. When we come to deal with the manufacture of dynamite conventions and meetings in Paris, from 1884 to 1887, we will be able to show that agents from Scotland Yard were actually watching agents of the intelligence department of the home office in the French capital, who were associating with men suspected of dynamite proclivities in that city.

We regret we cannot put the Royal Irish constabulary in the same category as Scotland Yard with respect to this abominable practice of manufacturing outrages. We shall prove to a demonstration before we are through with these revelations that in scores of instances, Royal Irish constabulary agents planned and carried out dynamite plots, agrarian outrages, moonlighting expeditions and kindred crimes for the same base purpose as that which actuated McDermott.

Although we have not come in the order of time to the arrest and conviction of John Daly and James Egan, we feel we can appropriately introduce that case into this part of these papers. A great amount of public attention has been given to this particular case. Questions have been addressed to the home secretary in parliament, letters have appeared in the press, and public meetings have been held, in order to induce Mr. Matthews to hold an inquiry into the circumstances under which Daly and Egan were arrested; and we believe that, as a result of this agitation, the home secretary has instituted an inquiry, or contemplates doing so.

The facts that have already been given to the public may, therefore, be reiterated here. They have not only been published in all the newspapers of the kingdom, they have been brought before the home secretary in the following letter addressed to him so far back as the 6th of October, 1887, by Ald. Manton, of Birmingham:

HOLLY BANK, EDGBASTON, Oct. 6, 1887.—HONORED SIR: It is with deep regret that I feel compelled to address you. Three weeks since at the request of several members of the Watch Committee, Mr. Farndale, chief of the Birmingham police, applied to you asking for the favor of an interview for the purpose of laying before you the circumstances which led to the arrest and conviction of the convicts Daly and Egan. The request was made in the hope of obtaining their release or an order for an investigation of the circumstances connected with their arrest and trial. I am informed by a brother magistrate that the interview sought has taken place with the following result—viz., that if the additional evidence favorable to Egan can be produced you will be prepared to give it a favorable consideration; but with regard to Daly nothing will induce you to interfere with the verdict. Sir, I will take the liberty of stating some of the circumstances connected with the arrest as they were stated to me twelve months since without any preliminary remark. Mr. Farndale spoke as follows: "Mr. Ald Manton—You will be surprised that when I tell you that the explosives found on Daly were planted on him by the police." I said, "Can it be possible?" Mr. Farndale replied, "It was really so." I said, "Are you absolutely certain?" Mr F. said, "I am," adding, "and I promise you that I will never engage in another such a business as long as I live." I felt appalled by the revelation, and after a few days of calm reflection, in the conscious presence of a gentleman, Mr. F. engaged to visit the home secretary, but thought it best to go alone. Mr. F. said it was not exactly the police who planted the explosives on Daly, but a companion and confederate of Daly, who was in the employ of the Irish police. Mr. F. added that the explosives were procured from America, and delivered to the confederate of Daly. Also that the Irish police authorities not only supplied the cash for the purchase of the explosives, but contributed to the support of the confederate, and through him to the support of Daly, for a considerable time; in fact, it was a government-manufactured case, got up by the Irish police. Mr. F. has stated it as his opinion that Daly had never been associated with dynamitards, and that he would have thrown the explosives out of the railway carriage on the first opportunity. Nor was Mr. F. alone in his opinion. Another police officer of high rank had said he believed Daly would have thrown the explosives out of the window in the first tunnel he came to. Mr F. has stated that but for the finding of the explosives there was no ground for the arrest of either Daly or Egan. With regard to Egan, there were grave doubts at the time in relation to the finding of the canister in the garden. Neither the canister nor its contents were worth hiding or finding. Not a few were surprised at his committal for trial; and had you, sir, been counsel for the defense, the defense of Egan, I feel sure I should have heard you say, in your own impressive style, there was no ground whatever to justify a committal. Sir, I have been passing through a most painful ordeal for twelve months; I have earnestly striven, by the best means I could think of, to obtain some measure of redress for the wrongs inflicted as the result of a vile conspiracy. I verily believe that justice imperatively demands a thorough investigation of the whole case now. I cannot conceal from you, sir, that the dread of the same men, or other members of the Irish police force, may have been or may still be perpetrating similar atrocities or others, and thus imperilling the lives and liberties of my fellow subjects has had very considerable influence in prompting my action. Neither time, experience, nor observation has weakened my resolve. Sir, I earnestly plead for your help. The knowledge of this letter is confined to myself. I pray God that He may be pleased so to order events that, as far as possible the wrong may be redressed and my soul be relieved of a burden which has been terribly oppressed for the long period of twelve months. I remain, honored sir, yours most respectfully, HENRY MANTON.

From this letter it will be seen that the chief of the Birmingham police, Mr. Farndale, was himself satisfied that "the explosives found upon Daly were planted upon him by agents of the Royal Irish constabulary;" that "the explosives were procured from America;" that "the Irish police authorities supplied the cash for the purchase of the explosives;" that "they contributed to the support of the confederate, and through him to Daly, for a considerable time." In addition to these astounding admissions, Mr. Farndale expressed his opinion—an opinion which is held by every one who knew Daly—that "he had never been associated with dynamitards," and that "he would have thrown the explosives out of the railway carriage on the first opportunity." Mr. Farndale further stated, according to Ald. Manton's letter, that "but for the finding of these explosives upon Daly, there was no ground for the arrest of either Daly or Egan"; and, as Mr. Manton says, "not a few were surprised at Egan's committal for trial; and had you, sir (Mr. Matthews, home secretary), been counsel for the defense—the defense of Egan—I feel sure I should have heard you say, in your own impressive style, 'there is no ground whatever to justify the committal.'" We appeal to our readers if this is not a case in which the clemency of the crown should be instantly exercised by Mr. Matthews. For the facts that were placed before him privately by Mr. Farndale and Ald. Manton were not derived from any suspicious source. The chief of the Birmingham police force cannot be accused of having had the slightest sympathy with John Daly or with dynamite agitation. Ald. Manton is likewise above suspicion. These two gentlemen were perfectly satisfied that a great wrong had been done to Daly and Egan by police agents of Dublin Castle; and with the courage and regard for fair play characteristic of Englishmen, who love honest, and hate dishonest and crooked administration of their laws, they took steps to bring under the notice of her majesty's principal secretary of state the facts which had come to their knowledge. It was in every way worthy of an Englishman's respect for honest law for Ald. Manton to say in the letter quoted above: "I cannot conceal from you, sir, that the dread that the same men, or other members of the Royal Irish police force, may have been, or may still be, perpetrating similar atrocities with others, and thus imperilling the lives and liberties of my fellow subjects, has had a very considerable influence in prompting my action."

We have shown in the course of these revelations that similar abominable acts have been perpetrated over and over again during the last seven years by Jim McDermott and the other agents of the secret service of Dublin Castle, for the sole object of dipping their fingers into the funds set apart by parliament for legitimate purposes.

The case that was proved against James Egan at his trial was exceedingly weak. It was based on the fact that several letters were found in his house in Birmingham, addressed "Dear Jim," and signed in Daly's name in some instances, and in assumed names in others. These letters were mostly all dated as far back as 1873 and 1874, ten years previous to the arrest of Daly; and while in some letters there is obvious reference made to the I. R. B., there is not in a single instance the slightest allusion, direct or indirect, to outrages of any kind. In fact, apart from the explosives, which, according to the chief constable of Birmingham and Ald. Manton, were given to Daly by agents of the Irish police, there was nothing in the correspondence belonging to Daly or found in Egan's house to connect either of them, even remotely, with the perpetration of crime.

There was another person accused with Daly and Egan, named McDonnell, who was also implicated by the Daly correspondence. It was shown that he had been connected with the R. I. B. in 1873 and 1874; but there being no proof adduced on the trial in Warwick on Aug. 1, 1884, that McDonnell had been in recent years engaged in any treasonable conspiracy, the jury only found a verdict of guilty against him on the fourth count. He was discharged by order of the judge, being required to enter into recognizances to come up for judgment, if summoned. It was the fact of Daly having been a lodger in Egan's house, and the latter having been in closer intimacy with Daly, which prevented the jury and the judge from taking the same view of Egan's case as that of McDonnell. It is, however, on the face of the evidence clear that Egan's connection with the I. R. B. was as remote as that of McDonnell, and it is to the credit of Daly, that during his trial, and recently, when dangerously ill in prison, he emphatically declared that his fellow-prisoner, Egan, was entirely innocent of the charge upon which he was tried.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

At a meeting of the National members of the Dublin corporation, it was resolved to nominate Mr. Shanks, T. C., as the selection of the party for the shrievalty for 1891.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

A MALEFACTOR LET LOOSE.

Patrick Delaney, the *Times'* witness before the Parnell commission, and who was implicated in the Phœnix park murder, has been released from prison.

GENUINE FARCE COMEDY.

On the evening of Nov. 5 a curious strike took place in Longford. The theatrical company of McMahon & Co. had been giving a week's entertainment in the Protestant Hall, and were to have given the "Colleen Bawn," to witness which a large audience had assembled. At 8 p.m., however, the manager appeared before the curtain and announced that in consequence of the strike of three of the leading members of his company the piece could not be produced, and the money paid would be refunded at the door. The announcement was received with various feelings, some leaving the hall and others asking the manager to give them some value for their money and they would remain. Accordingly some farces were got through, after which Mr. McMahon again appeared before the curtain and pointed out his three recalcitrant actors as enjoying the fun from the gallery. Thereupon the latter hooted and groaned at him vigorously, after which they left the hall. A good deal of sympathy was expressed with Mr. McMahon at being placed in such a dilemma at such short notice, but of course the cause is not known.

THE OLD SEA DOG MUST GO.

The Dublin corporation has passed the ordinance directing the removal of the Nelson pillar, as an obstruction to traffic, from its present site. A site opposite the Rotunda has been recommended for it.

"BUT THE YOUNG, YOUNG CHILDREN, OH MY BROTHERS!"

Dr. Higgins, coroner for the Queen's county, held an inquest at Ballylinan, about three miles from Athy, on the death of a child named Pat Joakman. The inquest brought to light, among other things, that Tom Joakman's family of which the deceased child was the youngest of six, all slept together in one bed. The evidence of Dr. McKenna was to the effect that the child died of starvation and neglect. A verdict in accordance with the medical testimony was returned.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Tholsel, Drogheda, is being fitted up for banking premises for the Hibernian Bank.

At Moate, on Nov. 3, a man named John Corrigan, signalman, ticket collector, and driver of a pumping engine, was run over and killed by a passenger train.

Complaint was made at the last meeting of the National League branch in Kildare that the police in the town neglect their duty to the danger of the character and morals of the people.

A number of hands employed in the mills of Messrs. Brown & Crosthwaite, of Bagnalstown, went on strike recently.

A convention for the county Longford in aid of the Tenants' Defense fund was held in the new hall, Longford, Nov. 9. Rev. Thos. Conry, P.P., presided. There was a large attendance.

At the Ballylinan, Queen's county, petty sessions a young man named Dan Doyle, of Wolfhill, was returned for trial on the charge of having stabbed Martin Kavanagh.

A large meeting of laborers was held at Clough, Queen's county, in the heart of the coal mining district, for the purpose of establishing a branch of the Dublin United Laborer's League. The chair was taken by Mr. Walker, Castlecomer, and among those on the platform were the Rev. Father Power, Rev. Father Timmins, Rev. J. Maher, Thomas Breen, Mr. Tyrell, Dublin; Mr. Jones, Dublin; Mr. Coleman, Athy, and others. Resolutions pledging the meeting to support the principles of the labor union and also of confidence in Mr. Parnell and the Irish party were passed.

MUNSTER.

ON THE HOME STRETCH TO PERDITION.

Sir John Arnott made a generous offer to buy the Ponsonby estate, in order that justice should be done the tenants, but "Galloping Snob" Smith-Barry deliberately frustrated the effort.

SKINFLINT BUCKLEY'S STARVING TENANTRY.

The Rev. Dr. Delaney, P. P., Ballyporeen, says that in consequence of the potato failure in the Galtees there is every danger that distress will prevail in the mountain districts of his parish.

A SHOCKING DEATH.

A man named John O'Donnell was killed at the railway station, Lismore. He was crossing the line with a parcel when he was run over by a shunting engine, his head and shoulders being severed from his body.

THE VIGILANT R.I.C.

Nov. 1 was the second anniversary of the fatal stabbing of Patrick Aherne by the police at Midleton, but, unlike last year, the town was not proclaimed to prevent a demonstration. The police, however, interested themselves about the grave of their victim in Churchtown graveyard, two miles from Midleton. Here two police constables were placed on duty, where they remained all day, watching the grave of poor Aherne. The grave of the murdered young man was visited by his parents and some friends, when wreaths and immortelles were placed there by his sorrowing family.

CONVICTED OF CONSPIRACY.

In the coercion court at Clonmel, a judgment of guilty was given against William O'Brien, John Dillon, Patrick O'Brien, all of whom are members of parliament; John Cullinane, Thomas Walsh, Patrick Mockler, and Mr. Bolton, who were charged with conspiring to induce the tenants on the Smith Barry estates not to pay rent. William O'Brien and John Dillon were each sentenced to two terms of imprisonment of six months each, but the sentences are to run concurrently. Patrick O'Brien and John Cullinane were each sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and Walsh, Mockler, and Bolton to four months' each. All the sentences were without hard labor. Father Humphreys, Thomas J. Condon, M.P.; Daniel Kelly, and David Sheehy, M.P., who were indicted on the same charges, were found not guilty and were discharged.

THE KILLARNEY MARRIAGE CASE.

At Tralee quarter sessions, on the 6th inst., before Judge Curran, the remarkable Killarney marriage case, already fully reported in our columns, was mentioned. Judge Curran, addressing Very Rev. Dr. O'Keeffe, said: "I was satisfied upon the evidence in the case that the lady went through the form of marriage before a priest, who was not a priest of the parish, in the presence of two witnesses. I am satisfied she was under the impression that he had a right to marry her, and that everything was right and proper. Would that marriage, having regard to the other facts, be valid according to the law of the Catholic church? Would it be binding according to the laws of the Catholic church?" Father O'Keeffe said it would be invalid. The matter was then dropped for the present.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN HOISTS A GREEN FLAG.

On the 4th of Nov. a magnificent new silk flag was hoisted on the square at the upper end of William O'Brien street, Tipperary, by Lady Robinson, who had been in town during the trials. It will be remembered that the police, time after time, tore down the flags put up in the same place by the people, who persisted in replacing the stolen emblems. The new flag is made of the finest silk, and bears the inscription "Uncoquerable Tipperary!" Father Humphreys and Lady Robinson delivered addresses on the occasion.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. John O'Connor, M. P., is going to the English bar. He has passed the intermediate examination in Roman law.

An amnesty meeting will be held in Clonmel on Nov. 30.

At the last meeting of the Thurles town commissioners it transpired that an original debt of £1,600 for flagging the town had been reduced to £975.

Miss Sullivan, the victim of the Macroom vitriol throwing outrage, is yet under the care of Dr. Sandford at the Ophthalmic Hospital. The sight of her remaining eye is gradually clearing. Though generally in good health she is not yet strong enough to have the operation performed of grafting new skin on her face. Dr. White, who suffered from blood poisoning while in attendance on her, progresses slowly but surely; he will be confined to bed for at least a month to come.

An open air meeting in furtherance of the Tenants' Defense fund was held in Kenmare on Nov. 2. Messrs. Sheehan, Dalton, Flynn, and Kilbride, M.Ps., were present. Archdeacon O'Sullivan presided.

At the Rathkeale board of guardians, M. P. Cahill presiding, Rev. Canon Wills, the Protestant chaplain, who had previously charged the Sisters of Mercy with having tampered with the religious opinions of an inmate named Bridget Cornelille, made the following statement in writing: "Having received a copy of the workhouse rules from the local government board, I find the legal requirements connected with the change of religion of Bridget Cornelille have been throughout complied with, and I withdraw and apologize for having charged the nuns with tampering with the woman."

CONNACHT.

CLANRICARDE AT HIS WORST.

John Cahill, a tenant on the Woodford portion of the Clanricarde estate, has been evicted. Another tenant named John Madden, of Creggeen, near Portumna, was also dispossessed.

The evicting party then proceeded to Portumna town and seized on some sheep and cattle belonging to Mr. Edward Moloney, merchant, Main street, Portumna, and left them in the pound. They then went and took possession of Mr. Moloney's licensed premises and his corn and wool stores. Mr. Moloney is one of the most extensive corn, wool, provision and spirit merchants in the west of Ireland. Mr. Moloney was the first man who joined the Plan of Campaign of this estate, and judgment was marked against him in the superior courts in February, 1889, for the rent due. Mr. Moloney consulted with the committee of the local branch of the Irish National League, who decided that he had no alternative but to pay the amount of the debt, which was only £68 13s 4d, as at this time Mr. Tener and his bailiffs were in possession of cattle, sheep, wool, corn, and shop goods to the amount of £3,000.

The next visited by the agent and his men was Mrs. Ann Horan, New street, Portumna, sister of Mr. John Madden, who was evicted. The sheriff's man entered her house and seized all her effects, consisting of shop goods and furniture. Mrs. Horan was away at her brother's house. The shop was closed and Emergencymen were left in charge.

COERCION IN CARRICK-ON-SHANNON.

Mr. Patrick Regan, president of the Croesna branch of the League, and nine other members, were charged at Keadue with having, on the 28th of September last, taken part in an an unlawful assembly and intimidated one Wm. Kelly, who has taken an evicted farm. Mr. Burke prosecuted, and Mr. Bergin, solicitor, defended. It appeared from the police evidence that the defendants assembled for the purpose of playing a football match in a field adjoining an evicted farm, and the crowd cheered and groaned and waved their hats in the direction of Kelly's house. The band also played past Kelly's land. It was proved on behalf of the defendants that they could not get a more suitable field for the purpose, and that Kelly's name was not mentioned on the occasion. Mr. Regan was sentenced to two months' and Mr. Lane to one month's imprisonment. On the application of Mr. Bergin, for the defense, Mr. Lane's sentence was increased to six weeks in order that he might appeal. The eight other defendants were ordered to give personal security in a sum of £20 to come up for sentence within the next twelve months on receiving eight days' notice.

ULSTER.

ETHER DRINKING.

The government, acting on representations made to them on the subject of ether-drinking in Tyrone and Londonderry, have decided to make independent inquiries on their own account into the extent to which the custom prevails in these counties.

WALLACE'S WEALTH.

The personality of the late Sir Richard Wallace, formerly M. P. for Lisburn, has been sworn at £1 055 780.

A SINECURE.

The Cootshill board of guardians elected a master of the workhouse, notwithstanding a recommendation of the local government board that no master should be appointed, inasmuch as the children in the school were not sufficiently numerous. A Catholic named John Murtagh, of Kellyroo, was appointed. The Protestants present protested against any appointment.

A NEW CHURCH.

On Nov. 9th the Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty performed the ceremony of blessing and laying the foundation stone of the new Catholic church of Mary Immaculate in Strabane. The contract for the bare walls of the house when erected and roofed is £9,000, half of which sum is already in hands. The time allowed for the completion of the work is two and a half years. Messrs. Brown & Co., of Strabane, gave the magnificent donation of £1,000.

"A FETID EXPLOSION."

Mr. Sweeney, a merchant of Dunglo, Donegal, asked Mr. Balfour, on his recent visit to Donegal, to run a railway near his shop so that he could get back £9,000 which was due to him by the people.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A special meeting of the Belfast corporation appointed Dr. Henry Whittaker, for many years alderman for St. George ward, medical superintendent of health and chief sanitary officer, at a salary of £500 yearly.

Fire damaged the premises of Mr. John Wiley, a merchant of Loughmourne, near Castleblayney, to the extent of £1,000. The place was only partly covered by insurance. Mr. Wiley is at present suffering from congestion of the lungs caused by exposure (the night was wet) in trying to save his property.

The day after Mr. Balfour left Letterkenny an indignant meeting of the Nationalists of Letterkenny and neighborhood was held in the Literary Institute. Mr. Patrick Doherty, T. C., presided.

The following resolutions, proposed by Mr. James M'Fadden, seconded by Mr. John Doherty, Nationalist registration agent, and ably supported by several speakers, were passed unanimously:

First—That we condemn and deplore the conduct of those shoneens who, from motives of self-interest, brought disgrace on themselves and our historic county by their obsequious servility towards the arch-evictor and prosecutor of our people, Balfour, on his so-called humanitarian tour through Donegal.

Second—That we believe the sentiments of these individuals are not those of the great bulk of the people of Donegal.

THE TROUBADOUR.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

He came from the sunny south—
Where a glory gilds the skies—
With a smile on his ruby mouth,
And love in his sparkling eyes:
Ho! the lyre, o'er his bosom swung,
Spoke many a gallant lay,
For he was a troubadour young—
A troubadour young and gay!

When his soul in a serenade
Rose soft on his lady's ears,
As she stood in the vine-leaves' shade
On the vestibule's marble tiers,
Her cheeks had a carmine hue,
And her eyes looked bliss untold,
For he was a troubadour true—
A troubadour true and bold!

And he lilted from flow'r to flow'r,
And charmed the roses all;
He gladdened the poor maid's bow'r,
And sang in the lady's hall;
And hearts beat love's quick march,
And bright eyes danced with joy,
For he was a troubadour arch—
A troubadour arch and coy!

When his war notes' stirring blast
Called men to the deadly fight,
Grim fear to the winds was cast
In melody's wild delight:
Ho! the crash of his numbers light
Flashed strength through many a glaive,
For he was a troubadour knight—
A knight and a troubadour brave!

And blest with the warriors' smiles,
And proud of the ladies' loves,
He paced through the goldenest aisles,
And danced through the gladdest groves:
Thus his life, to music sung,
Passed on like the breath of May,
For he was a troubadour young—
A troubadour young and gay!

WHY CONTINUE the use of irritating powders, snuffs or liquids. Ely's Cream Balm, pleasant of application and a sure cure for catarrh and cold in head, can be had for 50c. It is easily applied into the nostrils, is safe and pleasant, and is curing the most obstinate cases. It gives relief at once.

Weakness of sight is frequently the result of general debility. When the blood is impoverished every organ and sense suffers. As an effective, powerful, and economical tonic-alterative, Ayer's Sarsaparilla may be relied on every time.

Ho for Europe.

Christmas excursions from Chicago to Europe in seven days. Six express trains daily. Come any time. Tickets via all steamship lines. J. D. O'LEARY, Agent, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway office, 66 S. Clark street, under Sherman House.

To the Deaf.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

THE DISGRACE OF KILLALA.

The Irish press reports that on the arrival of the chief secretary in Killala, in the West of Ireland, he was cheered by a number of the inhabitants, a rumor having preceded him that he favored the construction of a railroad to that town.]

Mayo sinks all humbled in shame and prostration—
From Swinford to Westport what fierce indignation!
One groan peals aloud from Belmullet to Balla,
For base, brutal Balfour is cheered in Killala!

Yes, there by the Bay where the brave Frenchmen landed,
Where Gaul and Milesian for Liberty banded,
Have serfs, knaves and flunkeys come all *trina halla*
To cover with vileness the name of Killala.

Around him the dastards come fawning and pressing;
His bribe-bearing hand they are licking, caressing;
Before him, like pilgrims on steps of La Scala,
They sink on their marrowbones there in Killala.

Mayo, where the Land Leaguer's flag was unfurled,
Where landlords from power were hunted and hurled
Before the fierce burst of thy sons' "Faugh-a-ballagh"—
Betrayed by the mongrels of wretched Killala!

Poor beggars! go rush for his blood-sprinkled bounty,
But true men and tried of that gallant old county
Shall keep, (when they've made it fair Freedom's Valhalla)
Contempt for the traitors who crawled in Killala!

P.G.S.

MISS STARR'S LECTURE.

The audience which greeted Miss Eliza Allen Starr at Central Music Hall on Monday evening last, was a splendid and thoroughly representative one. The gifted lecturer and the noble institution, on whose behalf she so eloquently pleaded have reason to be well pleased at the success of the affair. The reverend pastors of the city were largely represented, and of the lay people of Chicago prominent in the church and in all works of charity, hardly a face was missing. It was indeed a noteworthy occasion. Mr. W. J. Onahan, in a few graceful and cordial words, introduced the lecturer and the object of her remarks.

Miss Starr, whose appearance on the platform was the signal for a hearty burst of welcome, is a most pleasing lecturer. Refined and sweet in appearance, she at once prepossesses her audience in favor of what she has to say, and this she says well.

The subject of the lecture was "Hospital Work," and she traced the growth of it from its first imperfect beginnings in the early centuries, down to its grand development in our own times. Of St. Joseph's hospital, whose history was the special subject of her lecture, she told some things which to her hearers, knowing much of the beneficent work of the institution and but little of its struggles—for the hospital has ever been as modest as it has been useful—were entirely new. The wearing disappointments and broken promises which at the very outset the sisters had to contend against, were made public for the first time. But even the kind and sympathetic lecturer could not describe—who could?—the endless difficulties and sufferings which for years dragged at the heels of the lion-hearted sisters in the early times of the hospital's foundation.

Sister Walburga, the beloved, is at rest in her Maryland grave, as more than one remembered on Monday evening with a pang whose keenness time will not soon dull; and neither she nor her companions ever told the story of those days. The toiling through heat and cold—toil which no hired help could be prevailed on to perform, and which she and her Sisters, ladies of refinement and delicacy, could not and would not shrink from—toil which finally left its ineradicable traces on every member of the band, in shattered health—all this has not been told, nor ever will be. But those times are happily past and for some years the hospital has been comparatively untrammelled in its work. So great has its growth been that additions to the building were found absolutely necessary. These are now well under way, and it was to help defray in some part the expenses of them that Miss Starr's lecture was given. Its success has greatly encouraged the Sisters and they look hopefully forward to the generous help of our people in the further efforts that lie before them. THE CITIZEN, whose favorite charity St. Joseph's has always been, earnestly trusts that the help and encouragement needful will be largely given, for nowhere could both be so usefully bestowed.

APPLETON'S WEEKLY

"IN THE SWIM."

The November 29th number of "IN THE SWIM" will contain an elaborately illustrated article on the HISTORIC and PICTURESQUE SCENES in Virginia and Maryland along the line of the B. & O. RAILROAD; also much other literary miscellany of interest.

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HE CARETH

What can it mean? Is it aught to him
That the nights are long and the days are dim?
Can he be touched by the grief I bear,
Which saddens the heart and whitens the hair?
About his throne are eternal calms,
And the strong glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss unruffled by any strife:
How can he care for my little life?

And yet I want him to care for me
While I live in this world where sorrows be!
When the lights die down from the path I take,
When strength is feeble and friends forsake,
When love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life song changes to sobbing prayers,
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares

When shadows hang over the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong,
When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,
And this busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Saviour—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

O wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that heart above.
He fights for me when I cannot fight,
He comforts me in the gloom of night,
He lifts the burden, for he is strong;
He stills the sigh and awakes the song;
The sorrow that bows me down he bears,
And loves and pardons because he cares!

Let all who are sad take heart again,
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our Father stoops from his throne above,
To soothe and quiet us with his love;
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety, for he is nigh;
Can it be trouble, which he doth share?
Oh! rest in peace, for the Lord will care.

—Somerville Journal.

THE MILO PILOT.

In the month of March, 1842, I took passage at Marseilles on board the merchant ship Good Hope. My own ship was at Smyrna, and thither the merchantman was to carry me, she being bound there after part of a cargo of fruit. The captain of the Good Hope was named John Napton, and though he was a good and careful navigator he had one striking fault. He was very quick tempered and sometimes quite vindictive. But for all this, his men liked him, for he never failed to grant them all the reasonable privileges in his power. The first mate's name was Sawyer, a true sailor and an excellent man.

We had a smooth run until we had passed the southern capes of Greece and entered the archipelago, but here we had signs of bad weather. Capt. Napton had never been in these waters before and did not feel quite safe to trust himself among the Ionian isles in a long storm, and we had reason to believe that such a storm was coming. To be sure, the chart was explicit, but then those are wild tracks to travel in stormy nights. In pleasant weather the task is but slight, but it was very likely to be different now.

Capt. Napton asked my advice. I told him there were plenty of experienced pilots at Milo, and that in all probability one of them could be hired to go to Smyrna and back for a mere trifle. As for the archipelago, though I had passed through it several times, I knew nothing about navigating it. The captain conferred with his officers, and it was soon arranged that the ship should stop at Milo and take in a pilot. On the next morning Milo was in sight on the larboard bow, and having run in to the westward of the Pigeons we hove to off the coast and made a signal. In less than half an hour we were boarded by half a dozen rough looking fellows, every one of whom professed to know all about navigating the archipelago. Among the number was an oldish man who gave his name as Marco Midas. He followed fishing for a livelihood, but his statements with regard to his qualifications as a pilot were by far the most satisfactory of the lot. He offered to go to Smyrna and back with us for $25, and after some further consultation he was engaged.

Near noon we filled away. There was but little wind, not more than enough to run off two or three knots, and even that was from the northward and eastward and as near dead ahead as possible, so the pilot concluded to make a "long leg" upon the starboard tack and pass to the leeward of Siphanto. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when the ship was again put about, it being intended to make a run to the eastward between Siphanto and Serpho. The breeze had freshened a little and the reel now ran off four knots. The northern point of Siphanto bore about five points on the lee bow, about ten miles distant.

"I'm afraid we shall have to tack again," said the pilot, looking anxiously on the point of land under the lee bow.

"We can certainly clear that cape on this tack," returned the captain.

"But I'm afraid the ship won't hold up to her course," resumed the pilot. "She must certainly hold up to east by north to do it, for she makes considerable leeway."

"Oh, I'll warrant her to do that," said the captain very confidently, and with the air of a man who does not like to have his ship thought incapable of doing the right thing.

So the pilot, feeling assured that thus far all would be right, went below to get his supper. He had been gone perhaps half an hour, when there was a sudden shock, and in a moment more the ship stood still. Marco Midas hastened upon deck, and was just in time to meet the captain at the companion way.

"What does this mean?" cried Napton in an angry tone.

The old pilot gazed for a moment upon the shore, which was yet some five miles distance, and then he calmly said:

"It's your own fault, captain."

"My fault, you lying lubber?"

"Certainly it is," calmly returned the pilot.

"Take that, then!" and in the heat of his passion the captain struck the old man a blow that sent him staggering half way across the deck.

Without waiting to see the effects of his hasty outburst, Napton sprang to the rail and ordered all the yards to be squared. The ship had struck upon a hard sandbar, but, as she was not going very fast at the time, and as the bar appeared to be somewhat abrupt, she was easily got off, and as soon as she had backed clear of the danger, she was put upon the starboard tack, and stood off to the northward.

The pilot had turned very pale, and though his frame shook with agitation, yet he made no movement toward the captain. We all knew that he was not to blame, for the ship had not been kept upon the course which the captain had promised, but the helmsman testified that part of the time her head had been as far out of the way as east-half-south, instead of east by north, and upon looking at the chart we found that we must have struck on the extreme northern point of the bar. Yet Capt. Napton could not be made to see his error nor would he abate one whit of his wrath. He sent the old pilot below and told him not to show his face on deck again. Midas obeyed without a word, though we could see that his hands were clinched nervously together and could also hear the low grating of his teeth.

The captain studied over his chart for some time, and at length made up his mind that he would pass between the two Serphos, and then run up through the strait of Silota. The wind hauled a little to the southward and blew fresher. At dark the little island of Kalipoli was upon the larboard beam, but in half an hour afterward the wind died away to a dead calm. This state of things lasted for about half an hour longer, and then the stars began to disappear from the southern heavens and the atmosphere began to grow dull and oppressive.

"I smell a blow," said the mate, walking aft to where the captain and myself stood.

"I hope it may not be such a one as we had in the Egina gulf a year ago," said I, shuddering as my mind ran back to the gale I rode out in the old sloop-of-war Fairfield at that time.

"This is a hard place for storms," said the captain half interrogatively, and at the same time, as I thought, exhibiting a little trepidation.

"You had better believe it," said I.

"Hadn't we better call the pilot?" suggested the mate.

"No!" thundered Napton.

Ere long the heavens were black as ink, save a little streak in the south, where it seemed as if a dull fire were moldering and dying. It was so dark that we could hardly distinguish the outlines of a man half the length of the ship. All haste was made to get the sail off, and the ship was soon left under a close reefed maintopsail, fore storm-staysail and storm mizzen. Hardly had this been done when we heard a low, rumbling sound from the southward, accompanied at short intervals by a sort of hissing, screeching noise.

In a few moments the gale burst upon us. It came at first in low puffs and spits of spray, and then the full armed monster leaped upon us. For a while the captain let the ship dash on before it. He knew exactly where he was when he started, but he dared not run too long, and at length he brought the ship to on the larboard tack, with her head nearly west. At 10 o'clock the sea ran so high that the staysail and mizzen became of no use, and they were taken in, and the ship now lay to under nothing but the close reefed maintopsail. The wind howled through the rigging with frightful power and the sea broke over the ship in drenching floods. The hatches were battened down fore and aft and life lines rove.

At midnight the gale seemed to have increased, and the ship was surrounded by rustling mountains of white crested seas. The crew were all upon deck, and they held on upon the life lines without speaking. Sometimes the captain moved about the deck, and when he stood by the binnacle I could see that he was pale and excited. For three hours the ship had now been lying to, and it was evident that she must have made considerable leeway. Beneath the fearful power of the driving gale she must have swept swiftly off—but how swiftly none could tell. There was no use in heaving the log, for the seas would "bring it home."

At length—it was near 3 o'clock—the sea had risen to such a height that it threatened every moment to engulf the ship in its deep cold grave, but yet the strained and groaning craft stood nobly up. But could she stand so much longer? The men could see the face of the captain as the rays of the binnacle light fell upon it, and they must have noticed how pale it was. I will not attempt to describe my own feelings. I only remember that I thought of my home in a far distant land, and that I wondered if I should ever see it again—if ever again I should hear the voices of those who had loved me in childhood.

The mate left the spot where he had been standing and went to the wheel.

"We can't stand this much longer," said he to the captain.

But the captain made no reply, and soon the mate spoke again.

"Is it best to trust our fate and put her before the wind? We shall certainly go down if we keep on in this way."

"No, no," gasped the captain, seeming to force his words out; "to put her before it would be certain death, for we are locked in to leeward by a snug chain of islands. The topsail yet holds. We may stand it till daylight."

"I am afraid not."

"Then we must pray—that's all."

It must have been some kind power that held our ship up through that long night, for the water mountains broke their fury upon her, and the mad wind bent her down till she almost groaned with physical pain.

At length the first faint streak of the coming dawn appeared in the east, and yet the gale was unabated. The captain was just upon the point of leaving his stand by the wheel when there came a noise that spoke louder than the tempest. It was a rumbling, roaring, crashing noise that came to us like the knell of death. All knew in a moment what it was. Our ship was upon a lee shore! The morning came, and it found us with blanched cheeks and trembling limbs, and it found some, too, upon their knees in prayer. What a scene burst upon us! Right under our lee and not more than five miles distant was a rugged, rock bound coast.

What power should save us now? To wear ship would be of no use, and to tack was impossible unless we could make and carry sail enough to stand off. The captain staggered to the weather mizzen rigging and passed the order for 'oosing the foretopsail. The yard was pointed to the wind, and the lee sheet was hauled safely home, but on the moment that the weather sheet was started the sail split and in a few moments more it was in ribbons!

"We are gone!" uttered the mate.

And so it seemed! The men huddled aft, but not one of them knew what to do for safety. The ship would certainly feel none of her lower sails while on the wind, and the captain knew that the mizzen topsail would be of no use without the fore. And every moment, too, the ship threatened to fall off into the trough of the sea.

"Where are we?" asked the mate.

But the captain could not tell.

"We must call the pilot."

Napton looked up into the face of his mate, but this time he made no objections, and the pilot was accordingly sent for. The old man came up, and for a while he gazed upon the surf bathed coast in silence. There was a bitter smile upon his lips, and his eyes sparkled with a strange light. He at length asked for a glass, and the mate obtained one, and having adjusted the focus he handed it to him.

"What coast is that?" asked Mr. Sawyer after the pilot had lowered the glass.

"Andros," replied the old man.

"And there is no salvation for us now!" the mate gasped.

"I can save the ship," calmly said Marco Midas without a change in his countenance.

"You!—save us!" gasped the captain, starting up.

"Yes."

"But how?"

"Never mind. I can save your ship and your lives!" The old man spoke calmly, but yet loud enough to be heard above the roar of the tempest.

"Then do it—do it, and you shall be rewarded."

"Stop, sir! For a thing of your own doing you insulted me. You struck me! Had you been on shore you should not have lived; but I can forget and forgive it now. Go down on your knees, acknowledge your error and you are safe."

The captain hesitated. There was something in the old man's manner that told of truth, but the proud man was not yet bold enough to confess his fault. Nearer and nearer surged the ship toward the fearful rocks, and louder and louder came the roar of the convulsed breakers.

"It will soon be too late!" spoke the pilot.

"In heaven's name," gasped the mate, "save us! Capt. Napton, you did him wrong."

The stout captain cast one more look upon the fatal coast, then he ran his eye over the mad sea, and then he sank down upon his knees.

"I did you wrong—I freely own it. Forgive me—and save us."

"Then I am captain now," said the pilot, with a proud look and sparkling eye.

"Yes."

"Then man the main braces and lay the yards square—stop, sir, I know what I am doing. Put up your helm and let her go off before it. Stand by now to set the foresail."

As soon as the ship was got before the gale she rode easier, and ere many minutes she was dashing down toward the coast at a dreadful rate. The sea followed her rather closely until the foresail was set, and then she leaped over the waves like a deer before a pack of hounds. The old pilot now took his stand by the wheel, and with a steady eye he watched the dubious way he was going.

At length we saw an indentation in the coast that looked like a bay, and toward this the ship was leaping. Nearer and nearer we came, and at length the spray from the rocks actually dashed upon our deck.

"Starboard braces!" spoke the pilot in quick, clear tones, and the mate passed the order. "Brace up! Starboard your helm! Steady—so! Belay!"

Like a frightened beast the ship dashed into the boiling surge, and as she obeyed her helm and came up to her new course we saw, through a narrow strait, the open sea beyond. We were between the islands of Andros and Tinos. In half an hour more we were in the open sea. Capt. Napton gave his hand to the Milo pilot, and again asked him to forget what had passed, and I know the old man was satisfied with his noble revenge.—Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., in Yankee Blade.

Sing Sing Prison at Night.

As one rushes by Sing Sing in a Central Hudson train a glance can be had of the main prison building. At night rows of lights can be seen, lights that illumine the long galleries upon which are the cells in which the convicts sleep, and the thought at once arises that the big building is alive with moving figures, keepers with loaded rifles guarding each gallery, on the alert for any outbreak. After 9 o'clock at night not a sound is heard. The "all right" bell is sounded at 5:20 every night, the day keepers are replaced by a few night men, the convicts are locked in their cells, iron entrance doors take the place of the wooden ones during the day, and the prison is closed for the night. Even to the warden's residence, where dinner is served at 6, the influence of the quiet of the prison extends, and about 9 o'clock every one is asleep or apparently so. With 1,539 people in that vast inclosure not a sound is heard except the tread of the night guards or the plashing of the river against the bulkheads.—New York World.

By a Dreamer.

There are but two epochs in a man's life. The first that of hope and youthful illusions, when he wears his hair brushed behind his ears and leaves it wildly floating in the breeze. The second when, gloomy and dejected, he has finally subscribed to Solomon's edict, vanitas vanitorum, and pulls his thinned locks mornfully over his eyebrows.—Judge.

EYES MADE OF GLASS.

THEY ARE GOOD, BUT BETTER ONES ARE MADE OF STONE.

In Germany and France Artificial Eyes Are as Cheap as Buttons—A Good Deal of Skill Required in Finishing Eyes. Price of Eyes in This Country.

There is a gentleman in New York, married and the father of a family, who has worn an artificial eye for many years without the knowledge of any member of his family. There are many men and women in public life who wear artificial eyes undiscovered. To do this of course requires not only wonderful perfection in the manufacture of the eye itself, but also great circumspection on the part of the wearer, whose vision is necessarily limited, and who is liable to exposure from the occurrences of everyday life. There was, until recently, in New York city, a lady, the wife of a very well known man, who was in the habit of meeting constantly very many persons, and who went out much in society, who wore an artificial eye without detection.

Many artificial eyes are imported from Germany and France, where they are made almost as cheaply as buttons. In the district of Thuringia, in Germany, entire villages of men, women and children assist in the manufacture. The process is analogous to glass blowing. Indeed, it is a sort of glass blowing. The workman sits at a table with a gas jet flame from a blowpipe in front of him, which gives an intense heat, capable of melting the glassy substance which forms the eye. He molds the substance as easily as the potter would mold clay. Then the pupil is put on by the same process and the colors traced with small needles of colored substance, so as to imitate the delicate tracery of the eyeball and pupil.

THE BEST EYES ARE MADE HERE.

When eyes are made at wholesale the workman makes haphazard a vast quantity of sizes, shapes and colors, and it is presumed that a dealer can, by keeping a large assortment of these artificial eyes, manage to match the eyes of any customer. But in practice this proves to be an exceedingly difficult matter. The colors and shapes of eyes vary in numberless variety, and where customers are fastidious and with keen vision for shades of color it is seldom possible to suit them with these ready made eyes, and they are little used in first class establishments, where perfect work is sought regardless of price.

The expression "A bully boy with a glass eye" denotes a popular error that false eyes are made of glass. The fact is that the substance is more like china.

About forty years ago an Englishman named T. J. Davis began to make artificial eyes in New York by a new process. He found a spar in Connecticut which which was peculiarly adapted for the making of artificial eyes, and he maintained that, after great research in other parts of the world, no stone could be found capable of yielding the same results. This spar, to become ductile, has to be subjected to an intense heat for from thirty-six to forty-eight hours. When thus treated it is ready for shaping and coloring, and requires no metallic oxides to work it, and is, therefore, not liable to injury from the saline secretions and more durable and artistic than eyes made in the old way, which was to mix common glass with the metallic oxides, producing a material easily fusible by heat and very brittle. The eyes produced by the Connecticut spar are tougher. Mr. Davis kept his secret for many years, and before his death bequeathed it to his sons, and they have made many eyes successfully for wealthy people who have tried in vain the best eye makers of Europe.

CHEAP EYES USEFUL.

The cheap wholesale eyes are very useful in sparsely settled localities or small towns where people may want artificial eyes in an emergency. For instance, a gentleman traveling in the west broke his artificial eye, and the only place where he could get another was at a saddler's shop. He did not get a good match for size, shape or color, but he got something that served him until he could get to New York.

There are many things to be considered in making a first class artificial eye. The right is different from the left. The size of the bulb must be taken into account. The position must be prominent, full or sunken to mate the good eye. The shade of the white of the eye must be noted, and the delicate veins and tracery. Sometimes the bloodshot appearance of the good eye must be imitated. The diameter of the iris and the pupil must be marked, and the nature of the operation on the diseased eye must be taken into account. All this requires skill and dexterous manipulation. It is not unusual for a person to keep several extra eyes on hand in case of accident.

Sometimes people out of town send orders for eyes in the same way that other merchandise is sent for. The European artificial eyes generally last about twelve months only, when they become rough and unpleasant. Even the best false eyes will after a time become rough and require to be replaced. The best makers require that the false eyes shall be taken out at night and kept thoroughly clean. In most cases what is called an artificial eye is merely a part of an eye consisting of a small saucer which is not attached to the ball of the eye, but placed in proper position over it, and kept in place by the eyelids. Sometimes, when not skilfully fitted, they drop out and break.

A first class artificial eye, fitted in every respect in size, form and color, costs from $25 to $50. The ready made eyes can be bought for very much less.—New York Sun.

The Way It Shrinks.

"Papa," said Mrs. Bunkum, "here is that flannel shirt of yours. I washed it, and—well, I'm afraid its usefulness is over."

"Oh, no, my dear; I can use it for a penwiper."—Harper's Bazar.

How plain to my mind are the scenes of my childhood,
As my recollection recalls them to view;
The soap-kettle hung on the poles of green basswood;
The Smoke and the Smell that my infancy knew!
But those days of SOAP and consequent anguish,
Have long since departed, we pray and we hope;
The use of the stuff 'gan to wane and to languish
As soon as they offered us

SANTA CLAUS SOAP.

MADE BY N. K. FAIRBANK & Co., CHICAGO.

A BAG OF GAME WITH ONE SHOT.

How a Wild Cat, a Fox, a Martin, a Weasel and a Mouse Were Caught.

Speaking about pot luck, said a veteran hunter and story teller one day, I suppose I have had some of the darndest streaks of luck ever had in the state of Maine. Everybody knows how I once drove a bear up a tree, and then felled the tree into the pond where the bear was drowned, at the same time scaring thirty or forty trout to death which rose to the top of the water, and the way I sot a bear trap and caught a fellow who was there to steal sheep; another time when I sot a trap for critters what was arter my turkeys, and ketched a young feller that was hangin' round to see my darter Mary.

And the story 'bout my going to the courts to prove that I hadn't cetched trout in close time, by showin' that the line and hook the trout was on had been left dangling in the brook one day in the legal season when I was fishin,' and got called away all of a suddent to drive the cows outer the corn. In the excitement of the moment I forgot the hook and line, and when one day arter the law was on I was passing that way I found that the hook had captured a trout weighin' fourteen pounds and seven ounces. I reckoned by the appearance of things, as the fish was uncommonly spry, he had been hooked that very mornin', but as it couldn't be proved I got off.

Yes, all these and more, too, are well known doin's on my part, but, as I said, the darndest thing of all happened not long ago. I took down the old rifle one day and told the old woman as long as there was nothing doin' round the place I guessed I would take a walk. Wal, as luck would have it, I hadn't gone far when I spied what I surmised to be a wildcat. The critter probably got wind of me, for he cut and run a little ways in about the direction I came from, and then took a sneak along a mossy bank and hove in sight only to disappear round a large stump at the edge of my clearin'.

I didn't wait a second; I just up and let go, just as the cat got out of sight. The ball, I was pretty sure, hit him in the hind quarters. I went forward to secure him if possible and then and there I found out that he hadn't got wind of me arter all, but was on a still hunt himself, and he got his game just as my ball hit him. That cat had a fox, holdin' him with his teeth, and, you may believe or not, the fox had ketched a marten. I could hardly believe my eyes and looked again, and blowed if the marten didn't have a weasel. Hold on; I hain't done yet. The weasel had a mouse by the hind leg, and the mouse was trying to escape through a little hole in the fence of my back yard where he had been and robbed my hens of a kernel of corn, which stuck out of the little mouth.

One of the young roosters was trying to get the corn away from him, not that there wasn't plenty more, but that is a rooster's nature, you know. Now, I had a hound pup, and the antics of the young roosters made him caper round arter him, and this stirred up the old cat, and she joined the dance by roundin' up her back and spittin' at the hound pup. Meanwhile the youngest kid was trying to harness up the old cat, and the old woman came out with the broom to see what all the racket me'nt. She had heer'd my gun go off, too, and didn't know by the rumpus but I had gone crazy and begun shootin' the children and other domestic animils. While she was out the fire in the kitchen went out, but my lucky shot broke up the combination, beside loading me with game, and the only serious consequences was supper being about fifteen minutes late.—Bangor News.

Swallowed His Cigarette.

Dr. Lapeyre mentions a remarkable case, in which an elderly gentleman, in consequence of a sudden slap on the back, unconsciously drew the cigarette he was smoking into his right bronchus, where it remained without causing any symptoms or in any way revealing its presence for nearly two months, when it set up pneumonia in a circumscribed area, and produced cardiac weakness and some œdema of the lungs.

After this condition had lasted without much change for about two months more the patient expelled during a violent fit of coughing the cigarette, enveloped in mucus and waxy looking matter, and then remembered that he had never found his cigarette after the slap on the back four months before. The pneumonia persisted for two or three months after the expulsion of the foreign body, and some œdema of the right lung, due probably to embolism, remained at the date of the report nearly a year later. This, as well as some other cases that have been published, appears to show that the bronchi are exceedingly tolerant of foreign bodies, even when not encysted.—London Lancet.

A Case of Tree Resurrection.

About 1875 a large tree of the elm species, growing on the farm of Mr. Smyth, rector of Little Houghton, England, was blown down, upturning an immense quantity of dirt in its fall. This large ball of earth had almost entirely washed from the roots on the upper side when, in 1881, workmen were set to work removing the old forest monster. When they had sawed off several of the large limbs on the undermost side, to their great astonishment, not to say downright terror, the tree rose of its own accord and went back into the pit excavated by the upturning roots six years before, standing up in its original place, straight as an arrow. In 1882 it threw out a fresh, green head and still stands, even to this day, a curious example of a resurrected tree.—St. Louis Republic.

An English Joke.

Tickleribs is a practical joker, but he is very much afraid of consumption. The other evening he began coughing and went to the telephone and called up Dr. Whiteye and told him he was pretty sure he was in the first stage of consumption.

Now, it may be stated by way of parenthesis that Tickleribs had played a good many jokes on the girl at the central call office, so as soon as she heard what he said she rung up a music shop where a young man is in the habit of practicing upon a bass horn about that time and told him in her sweetest tone that she would like him to blow a short, sharp blast right in front of the transmitter of his telephone as soon as he heard the bell tinkle. The young man got ready.

"Oh, I fancy you're mistaken," said the doctor.

"No, I ain't. Lose no time. Come over at once."

"Hold on! Cough in the telephone."

The girl, who had been listening, jerked out the plug connecting Tickleribs, put that connecting the bass horn in its place and tinkled the bell, according to previous arrangement.

The young man dropped the receiver from its hook and blew a terrible blast. The girl immediately restored the connection, and the doctor, after recovering from his astonishment, asked:

"Did you cough?"

"Yes; ain't it pretty bad?"

"I should say so," exclaimed the doctor.

"What shall I do?"

"Why, you are turning to a jackass very rapidly, and you had better begin your new way of living at once. You have symptoms of the consumption of oats and baled hay."

While the doctor wondered and the patient raved the telephone lady split her sides with laughter, and the ignorant young man tooted his horn in ignorance of what he had done.—Exchange.

When He Was a Journalist.

Alf Hayman, the theatrical manager, says: "I came pretty near being a journalist once. It was in Philadelphia. The managing editor was city editor and everything else. One day he sent me out to interview some one. I returned to the office and said I couldn't find the man; he was out of town, or something of the sort. I know I was rattled. The managing editor looked me over and said:

"You'll never be shot for having brains."

I went off and moped. After several weeks—during which time I had drawn $20 a week—I went to the managing editor and says, "I'm going to quit you!"

"Where are you going? What are you going to do? What do you know how to do? Hey?"

He said it all in one breath. I told him I was going into the show business.

"Show business!" he grunted. "What do you know about the show business? What do you know about anything? How much have you been getting here?"

I made a home run on that last one. I said, "Twenty per."

"What are you going to get in the show business, hey?"

I got there again. I said away up in C, "Fifty per to start on."

He got up from his desk, took me by the hand and said, in modified tones, "I didn't suppose you'd ever get that much. Still, I advise you to take it, take it—take it, young man. It is probably the best you'll ever do."

I have always been grateful to that dear old man for making his first remark to me. It drove me out of a profession I wasn't fitted for, and put me into one where I have done remarkably well.—Chicago Tribune.

SAW GREAT CHANGES.

VETERAN JAMES WHALEN TELLS OF HIS THIRTY YEARS' ARMY LIFE.

Fought in Two Wars—Has Been a Private During His Whole Career—Carried a Musket at First and a Repeating Rifle Later—Influence of Wives in Camp.

"If I had my life to live over again I would enlist in the regular army at a much earlier age than that when I enrolled myself with it in 1842." The speaker was James Whalen, one of the oldest inmates of the Soldiers' home, in Washington. Though 78 years of age he appears no more than 60. His figure is as erect, his step as firm and elastic and his whole bearing as graceful and energetic as that of a man in the full vigor of youth, while his head is completely covered with a thick growth of hair, but slightly tinged with gray.

Though he has known little of school instruction or the study of books he possesses that natural intelligence and rare power of observation which learn from everything seen or heard, and which soon make their possessor a profound scholar in that greatest of all learning, a knowledge of men and things. He also possesses the natural genius of an orator and writer, and when he once begins to talk upon some subject which arouses his interest and enthusiasm he rattles away with a fluency and eloquence that seem incredible in one so comparatively unlettered.

"I was 30 years of age when I enlisted," he continued. "That was in 1842, and I was 60 when I retired, in 1872, after thirty years of faithful service, during which I passed through the two most important wars, with the exception of the revolution against Great Britain, in which the United States ever engaged—the war with Mexico and the late civil war. I think the Mexican war of greater importance than that of 1812, because it added to our country an immense territory of almost priceless value.

CHANGES IN GUNS.

"Though I am more than eight years beyond the three score and ten allotted as the life of man I constantly think and speak of myself as a boy, and it is only when I consider the wonderful changes that have taken place in our country and its military service since I first shouldered one of Uncle Sam's guns that I realize my age. The only arms we had then were heavy, clumsy old muskets that contained only one ball at a time, and had to be loaded from the muzzle after being once discharged.

"We did not even have cartridges. With an old fashioned ramrod we first rammed down some powder. Then we placed a bullet in the palm of our hand, covered it with powder, poured powder and ball into the gun, rammed them down, rammed down a small wad of paper, placed a cap on what was called the nipple of our gun—something that no modern gunmaker or user knows anything about—and then we were ready to shoot.

How different from the needle guns, Chassepot rifles, the Winchester and Remington arms of the present day! A little brass cannon carrying a twelve pound ball was the largest gun we had, and was considered something terrific. Now Uncle Sam's cannons are sixteen inch guns, carrying a ball weighing 500 pounds, which requires 250 pounds of powder to fire it, and which will perforate a steel plate sixteen inches thick at a distance of twelve miles.

"It was but a short time after my enlistment before I became convinced that a man in the army has a far easier, pleasanter life and a much better chance to prosper and do well, if he behaves himself, than in any menial position—such as that of a laborer or servant, for example—outside of it. The officials always manifest an interest in a private who shows a desire to be faithful and improve his condition, and will encourage and aid him in every possible way.

WIVES IN THE ARMY.

"In the army, as elsewhere, the man who squanders his money will be always poor and wretched. On the contrary, if he is industrious and thrifty there is no walk of life in which an ignorant, unlettered man, lacking the education necessary to enable him to aspire to anything better than daily labor for daily bread, can do better.

"Though only officers are now permitted to have their wives with them, yet when I became a soldier in 1842 and for many years afterward a certain number of women were allowed to each company in a regiment as laundresses. These women were the wives of the private soldiers, and as I was so fortunate as to secure one of these positions for my wife I was able to have her with me until the breaking out of the late civil war. This practice is still observed in all the armies of Great Britain and her colonies, and I think our government made a great mistake in abandoning it. Married men with wife and children by their side make the best soldiers.

"The presence of those dear ones restrains a man and tends to make and keep him ever sober, faithful and brave in the discharge of his duty. In time of battle he has a more direct interest in winning the fight than the single man, or he whose wife and children are in perfect safety hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles away. He feels that he is battling for a personal stake, and accordingly puts forth his highest, best efforts.

"In this respect a British soldier has a marked advantage over the American, though in every other way the condition of the former is not so good as that of the latter. The British soldier is not so well paid nor so well fed, and his chances for promotion are not nearly so good, but to be allowed to have wife and children with him more than compensates him for all his other disadvantages."—Chicago News.

His Celestial Jokelet.

John—I went to a Chinese laundry to have some washing done and a crazy Chinaman drove me out with a poker.

James—Indeed! What for?

John—A new way to iron a caller, I suppose.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

By All Odds

The most generally useful medicine is Ayer's Pills. As a remedy for the various diseases of the stomach, liver, and bowels, these Pills have no equal. Their sugar-coating causes them not only to be easy and pleasant to take, but preserves their medicinal integrity in all climates and for any reasonable length of time. The best family medicine, Ayer's Pills are, also, unsurpassed for the use of travelers, soldiers, sailors, campers, and pioneers. In some of the most critical cases, when all other remedies have failed,

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prove effective.

"In the summer of 1864 I was sent to the Annapolis hospital, suffering with chronic diarrhea. While there, I became so reduced in strength that I could not speak and was compelled to write everything I wanted to say. I was then having some 25 or 30 stools per day. The doctors ordered a medicine that I was satisfied would be of no benefit to me. I did not take it, but persuaded my nurse to get me some of Dr. Ayer's Pills. About two o'clock in the afternoon I took six of these pills, and by midnight began to feel better. In the morning the doctors came again, and after deciding that my symptoms were more favorable, gave me a different medicine, which I did not use, but took four more of the pills instead. The next day the doctors came to see me, and thought I was doing nicely, (and so did I). I then took one pill a day for a week. At the end of that time, I considered myself cured and that Ayer's Pills had saved my life. I was then weak, but had no return of the disease, and gained in strength as fast as could be expected."—F. C. Luce, Late Lieut. 56th Regt. Mass. Vol. Infantry.

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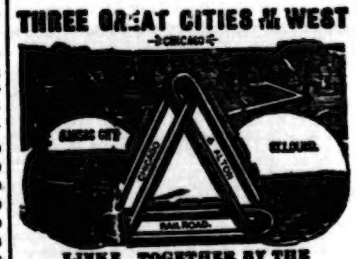

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Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

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Jaques Cartier Court No. 5—Geo Daiziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 168 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 3127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D J Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2067 State st; Henry S Newson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2074 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 25th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Haasen, R S, 333 W Adams st; M O O'Kane, F S; J B Nihiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 353 Wells st; J P Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Peshaw hall, 3d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Ruehlmann, F S; Geo Demlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seanes, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H O Latzs, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1098 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Meninger, F S; M W Foltz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—E Burns, C R, 4428 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 859 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Asbenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 168 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cramer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 336 S Morgan st; Joseph Seita, F S; Val Schmittenbmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Kaler, R S, 200 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Mannell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 B Hoyne av; Edmond O'Foley, R S, 413 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleason, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Pazel, C R, 853 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 296 Cleveland av; Joseph F Bolden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 941 Webster av; Jas P Lusk, R S, 233 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 E Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 678 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Teemer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringe, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Puney, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; P T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cleero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 35 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Eastne and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3127 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3127 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 598 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; M P Merech, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 567 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 361 Orchard st; E E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 5 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Hierebeck, F S; Chas Trauchit, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brocciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierosi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 358 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 93 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 93 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Keaney, R S, 2516 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2074 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Beehant, treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.
County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.
County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.
County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.
County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; E. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 315 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec., Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V.-P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec. 923 Thirty-fifth-st.; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2325 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 3—Daniel Collins, 361 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Gordon, Rec. Sec., 362 S Halsted-st; F. F. Radigan, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 3104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Frell, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 662 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet 1st Monday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 9—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 8—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 98 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 326 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2622 Doering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 327 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas, James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec, Lawrence Henely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts, V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 2 Archer av; V.-P., C A Keedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st., V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 186 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1209 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st. V.-P., John McGeoghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John S. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter ... V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHenry, 3229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J P Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4426 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1032 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 2102 Lowe av; V.-P., O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3239 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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Patriot Dugan, National Secretary, 563 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.
John L. Cunningham, 2900 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.
Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N. J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 Yeomas Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
Rich. Powers, 2617 Deahie st, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 3734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 2010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Dan Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
P. M. Lunday, 223 Union av, St. Pueblo.
P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.
Thos. Noonan, 88 E S. venth st., St. Paul, Minn.
John W. Conoly, Lonsconing, Maryland.
Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.
P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me.
Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.
Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 204 Mott st, New York city,

THE OLD SOLDIER.

I sit on a stile and watch the drill.
The sword is bright with morning dew.
I feel in my heart a surging thrill
As the squadrons thunder "sonitu
Quadrupedante."

I think of the days long since gone by,
How well I remember my bobtailed horse!
His temper was bad; he'd kick sky high;
But few I've had better, and many worse;
Poor Rosinante!

And the note of our old chief's command
In memory's ear still echoing sounds.
His drills were held by the corner's band
To stir the blood like a day with hounds;
But the chief is dead.

Those cheery cornets, all comrades good,
'Tis sad to think how few remain,
They did their duty as soldiers should,
And the joy of life was sufficient gain
To each reckless head.

The squadrons form and advance and wheel.
How I envy those boys, who ride in line!
Each sunburned face looks as brave and leal
As those of the messmates thirty years syne
In my days of gold.

But the trumpet cries, "Ride home at ease,"
And, though I am now but of small account,
I can wish good luck to lads like these
As I leave my stile. 'Twas steady mount
For a soldier old.

—London World.

Improved Wood Carving.

A wood carving machine which possesses many radical improvements has been brought out. The machine is designed specially for use in furniture factories, and in car, organ and piano factories and other establishments where wood carving is done. It will carve four duplicate pieces any length at one operation if not over seven and one-have inches wide, or it will make two duplicate pieces any length if not over fifteen inches wide, and if a greater width is desired one piece can be carved of any length, and from fifteen to thirty inches wide.

The bits can be handled conveniently and in any direction within an angle of thirty degrees. The top, or table, can be raised or lowered to make thick or thin work, and will remain the proper height for the operator. The table also rests upon sliding ways, so that it can be adjusted for the convenience of the operator on different varieties of work. The driving pulley of the machine is six inches in diameter, with three inch face, and should make 1,400 to 1,500 revolutions per minute.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

An Egotistic Age This.

We live in an age of self importance, sustained and promoted by methods unknown to the simple minds of our ancestors. The interviewer and the recorder of social gossip have artfully created a daily want which they themselves supply. If A., the millionaire, adds an acre to his estate we ascertain the price paid for it almost as soon as he does. We could pass a creditable examination upon the habits of Z., the essayist, during working hours; we are thrice familiar with the arrangement of his furniture, and have even learned what pens he uses.

The harm in dwelling upon these things is not at first apparent, since we burn to know them. This weakness of mind induces the belief that our friends are eager for similar details about ourselves, and as a natural consequence when it is our cue to talk the personal nominative does not lack advancement. Egotism, spoken and written, is the fashion as well as the failing of our waning day.—Scribner's.

Child Definitions.

I asked a little girl how she would define love. Unhesitatingly she answered, "It's going errands." I asked a little boy the meaning of the word guilt. "It means telling on another boy." I asked Harry Sullivan to define a gentleman. He replied, not without some fervor, "Oh, a fellow who has a watch and chain." I suppose he read disappointment in my face, for he hastily added, "and loves Jesus." This same boy had a very hazy idea of Old Testament history. He had heard of Adam and Eve—"They stole apples and were turned out of the garden, and then they had to work for their living till the sweat poured down." A girl of 11 told me how she wished to live in the country "because then I shouldn't see a lot of people having a lot of things I can't have."—Mrs. Dorothy Tennant Stanley's Book.

Destruction of Forests.

The consumption of pine from the forests of Wisconsin and Michigan is enormous. While Canada is being looked to for future supplies, it is shown that that country is becoming alarmed at the rate at which her forests are disappearing. Furthermore, it is estimated that in California alone in 1889 $25,000,000 worth of timber was destroyed by fire, the greed of speculators and the efforts of the herdsmen to secure pasturage for flocks. —Philadelphia Press.

Cincinnati uses 2,500,000 cabbages every year for its sauerkraut manufactories. Its supply is drawn from Michigan, of which Detroit is headquarters, and also Illinois, where Chicago is the distributing point. The cabbages are generally sold by the ton, the price ranging from $10 to $25 per ton. The trade of Cincinnati in kraut extends through Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia and into the Virginias.

One of the greatest problems of the future is thought to be the tranformation of carbon energy into light upon the same principle that the glow worm and firefly give their light, and when a single pound of combustible material will furnish as much light as is now obtained from a ton of coal.

When people do not particularly like each other it is sometimes said, "There is no love lost between them." The phrase occurs in the old ballad of "The Babes of the Wood," and in a tale of the days of Shakespeare, entitled "Montchensey."

When grapes are served do not spit out the stones, but eject them from the mouth into the half closed hands, from whence they should be transferred as unostentatiously as possible to the plate.

Top to Bottom.

Each of the four floors closely packed with new and perfect goods and just what you want—that is the beauty of it. You can recall our wonderful sweeping time last summer no doubt. Old goods went in all directions, and today we say new goods very new, fresh in materials and styles at our usual price. Clam best for the least number of dollars. Cassimere Cheviot Suits, double and single breasted very nobby, $12 to $20.

Overcoats—the handsome sort, nearest to custom tailoring yet offered—$10 to $40.

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Chicago Office, 181 LaSalle-st.

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The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
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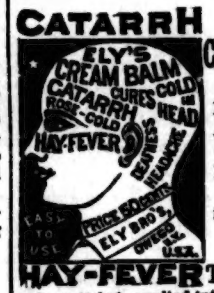

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New Orleans Granulated Sugar, per lb..... .....5¾ cents
17 lbs New Orleans Coffee Granulated Sugar for.....98 cents
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A 20-lb box Jackson's Loose Muscatel California Raisins for.....$1.75
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Fancy Minnesota Patent Flour, per brl..... .....$5.28
Washburn's Superlative Patent Flour, per brl..... .....$5.48
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Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

Finest Old St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour, per brl..... .....$4.88

Royal Washing Powder, large package, for..... ..... 3 cents
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A 10-lb Jar Pure Fruit Jelly for..... .....69 cents
A 2 lb Can Marrowfat Peas for..... ..... 9 cents
Job Lot Smoking Tobacco, per lb..... ..... 9 cents
Job Lot Plug Tobacco, per lb..... .....23 cents
California Dried Peaches, per lb..... ..... 8 cents
Pint Bottles Home-Made Catsup for..... ..... 6 cents
Imported Edam Cheese, each..... .....49 cents
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FRUITS IN TINS.

	Per can	Per doz
2 lb cans Strawberries	12½c	$1.50
2 lb cans Preserved Strawberries	19c	2 20
3 lb cans C. Bros. Table Peaches	20c	2 40
3 lb cans Finest Cahfornia Table Peaches	27c	3.10
3 lb cans California Egg Plums	17c	2 00
3 lb cans California Gold Drop Plums	17c	2 00
3 lb cans California Green Gages	12½c	1 50
3 lb cans California Apricots	21c	2.40
2 lb cans Sliced Pineapples	15c	1 50
3 lb cans Grated Pineapples	15c	1 50
2 lb cans Gooseberries	12c	1 30

VEGETABLES IN TINS

	Per can	Per doz
2-lb cans Lima Beans	12½c	$1 45
3-lb cans Stringless Beans	10c	1 15
3-lb cans Baked Beans	15c	1 60
3-lb cans Sweet Potatoes	15c	1 70
3-lb cans Pumpkin	10c	1 00
2-lb cans Fancy Mar. Peas	11c	1 25
3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes	8c	92
Fine French Mushrooms	18c	2 00
Fine Small French Peas	16c	1 80
2-lb cans "Baby" Sweet Corn (This corn is like the babies—tender and sweet.	11c	1 25
2-lb cans Paxton Corn	9c	1.05

SOAPS.

35 bars Standard Family Soap for..$1.00
22 bars Babbitt's Best Soap for.... 1.00
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20 bars Werk's German Mottled Soap for..... 1.00
20 bars Best Family Soap for..... 1.00
100 bars Kirk's White Cloud Soap for..... 5.00

FISH IN TINS.

1 lb cans California Salmon	10c	$1.15
1 lb cans Columbia River Salmon	15c	1 65
1 lb cans Salmon Steaks	19c	2 10
1 lb cans Lobsters	21c	2 40
1 lb cans Cove Oysters	12c	1 30
2 lb cans Cove Oysters	19c	2 20
American Sardines in oil	3c	....
Mustard Sardines, large cans	10c	1 05
Imported Sardines in oil	16c	1 85
1 lb cans Mackerel	10c	1 10

TEAS---Japans.

BASKET-FIRED OR UNCOLORED.

A Good Japan, per lb.....25 cents
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A Pin Leaf Fancy New Crop Japan, per lb.....50 cents

Oolong.

A Good Drinking Oolong, per lb.25 cents
A Fine Formosa Oolong, per lb..35 cents
A New Crop Fancy Oolong, lb..50 cents

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A Good Drinking Gunpowder, lb.25 cents
A Moyune Gunpowder, per lb...35 cents
A Fancy Smooth Drinking Moyune Gunpowder, per lb.....50 cents

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6 pounds Roasted Rio Coffee for....$1 00
5 pounds Roasted Rio Coffee for.... 1 00
4 pounds After Dinner Java, per lb.20 cts

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ESTATE OF JOHN H. MARTIN, Deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of John H. Martin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January A. D. 1891, being the 19th day thereof. CLARA T. MARTIN and ELLEN B. MARTIN, Executrices.

Dated Chicago, November 12, 1890.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

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